

VOL. 8 No 6

NOVEMBER

10¢



# BLUE BOLT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FARR MILITARY ACADEMY

*Farr*  
**MILITARY ACADEMY**  
**BURNS!**

READ ALL ABOUT HOW  
**DICK COLE**  
AND HIS PALS FIGHT TO  
SAVE THEIR SCHOOL!  
In this issue of **BLUE BOLT!**  
CONTAINS **52** PAGES OF  
ADVENTURE AND FUN!



WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM

# BLUE BOLT FLASHES

## NOTE FROM THE EDITORS:

Don't forget our government's Savings Bond Campaign. We citizens can help avoid hard times by storing up our extra money now—Buy Bonds. Save for your own future security and the security of our nation.

Here is a group of good letters from readers, with our answers beneath. Keep writing, gang, and we'll keep trying to please you.

## THE READERS WRITE:

Dear Editors:

Let me congratulate you for the fine work done on the cover of the June issue of BLUE BOLT. It was an ideal picture for the baseball season. The colors were perfect, and I thought the picture of "Dick Cole" was simply divine.

I also thought the stories were outstanding. My favorite characters are "Dick Cole," "Blue Bolt," and "Edison Bell." I can't say I hate "Krisko and Jasper," but they are pretty silly.

I would like to see a movie of "Dick Cole." I think it would be even more outstanding than the comic feature.

Truly yours,  
Keith Hall  
Los Angeles, California

*We're glad you liked the baseball cover, Keith. Would our other readers like more covers featuring sports?*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I write to you so you may know that even in this faraway part of America we receive your comics and enjoy them.

I like your stories very much, but I am surprised that all the crooks and bad people in "Dick Cole" are black-haired, because there also are blond crooks, you know.

Adiós amigos, y gracias sincermente,  
Yours truly,  
Alfredo Galvez Moran  
Guatemala City,  
Guatemala, C. A.

*The crooks in BLUE BOLT are not all intentionally black-haired, Alfredo. In past issues, we have shown crooks with many different types of physical appearance.*

\* \* \*

Dear Sirs:

I like "Dick Cole," "Edison Bell," "Sergeant Spook," and "Fearless Fellers" the best, but the others are good, too.

I especially like the Q's and A's because last week in school we were hav-

ing English and I remembered the plural of thieves from question 11, which made me get an A in English.

A faithful reader,  
Don Teague  
Lawton, Oklahoma

*If you have any good questions for BLUE BOLT Q's and A's, Don, why don't you send them in to us?*

\* \* \*

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading the Volume 8, Number 1, issue of BLUE BOLT. I was reading and trying to answer the questions when I decided to send in a suggestion. I don't like to have to turn the book upside down. My suggestion is that you put the question on the right-hand side of the page and the answer right side up on the left-hand side of the following page. You would then have to turn a page over to see the answer, but it would be right side up.

Yours truly,  
Evertt Dunlap  
Lawton, Oklahoma

*Thanks for your suggestion, Evertt. Perhaps our readers will let us know what they think of it.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I have just read the March 1947 issue of BLUE BOLT, and have got the April number as well, which were among a packet that a kind U.S. cousin sent me. I have had many such packets during the last two or three years and I thought you might like to have an Englishman's (age nearly 43) opinion of BLUE BOLT. I think it beats most, if not all, of the many other titles I have had. The only feature I don't care for is "Sergeant Spook," because it is supernatural, but I'm glad you don't go in for flying men. I like "Dick Cole" very much and the "Bolts and Nuts" pages are splendid. I like the questions and answers, too. Jolly good value for ten cents these days. Another thing I

like about BLUE BOLT is that the stories are all complete in each issue which means a lot to one who doesn't get every number.

One of our M.P.'s said in the House of Commons the other day that he thought these American comics were unsuitable for English children, and I'm inclined to agree with him as regards some of them, but I can't see anything harmful in BLUE BOLT. So I hope my cousin will always include BLUE BOLT in her packets of magazines and also hope you will keep it up to the present high standard. I really can't think of any way of improving it, except perhaps by running a puzzle or competition page. But, of course, your magazine is chiefly for youngsters and that might not interest them. I have some nephews who are very fond of reading them. With my very best wishes,

Yours truly,  
B. Tabram  
Horseheath, Cambs.

*Thank you, B. Tabram, for that excellent letter. Occasionally you may find a puzzle in BLUE BOLT.*

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

Ever since I got the first issue of BLUE BOLT comics, I have tried not to miss a copy. I trade books with my girl friends and they are always glad to get my BLUE BOLT books.

I think the illustrations are very clear and the printing is easy to read. I like the stories of "Dick Cole," and "Rick Richards" because they are full of adventure. I don't think you could improve the magazine even if you tried!

A faithful reader,  
Barbara Lose  
Williamsport, Pa.

*We take special pains to make sure the reading is clear in our books, Barbara. All our letterers must use a certain size letter when printing the balloons. In that way, we know you readers can read the stories easily.*

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT COMICS, 119 W. 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

# DICK COLE



**ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING: AN INJURED MAN STAGGERS INTO STATE POLICE HEADQUARTERS, TWENTY MILES SOUTH OF FARR MILITARY ACADEMY.**



HE WAS A WILD-EYED, ONE-ARMED CHARACTER. I GAVE HIM A LIFT, THEN HE SLUGGED ME, THREW ME INTO A DITCH, AND DROVE AWAY!

THAT MUST HAVE BEEN THE PYROMANIAC! WE JUST GOT THE FLASH. HE ESCAPED FROM THE STATE MENTAL HOSPITAL.

YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE ALIVE! WHEN HE PLAYS WITH FIRE, HE DOESN'T STOP WITH A HOTFOOT!

A PYROMANIAC LOOSE WITH A GASOLINE TRUCK! WHEW-E-E-E!



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager  
Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director  
Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant

ONE-THIRTY A.M. SIMBA KARNO, ON GUARD DUTY, PAUSES BEFORE THE ARMORY.



HEADLIGHTS!  
SOMEBODY  
MUST HAVE  
WANDERED  
OFF THE PIKE.

YOU'LL HAVE  
TO GO BACK A  
MILE TO  
HIT THE  
MAIN  
ROAD.



HALT! THIS IS A PRIVATE  
ROAD. YOU ARE ON THE  
FARR MILITARY ACADEMY  
CAMPUS, PRIVATE  
PROPERTY!



AS SIMBA TURNS AWAY TO INDICATE THE  
DIRECTION, THE DRIVER LEAPS TO THE  
GROUND.

DENNY!

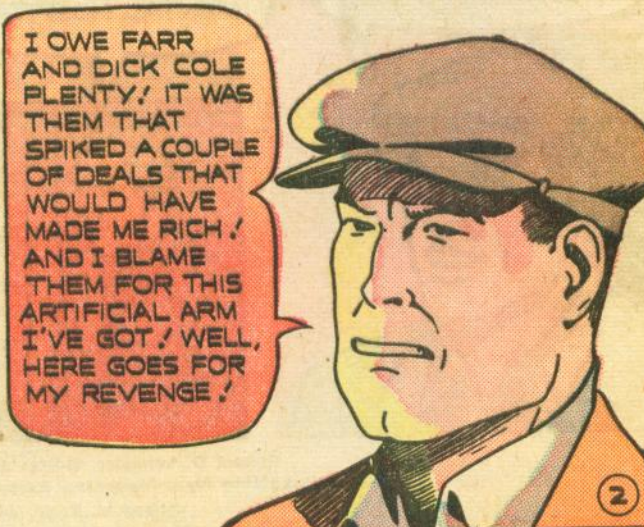
NICE TO BE  
BACK,  
CADET!



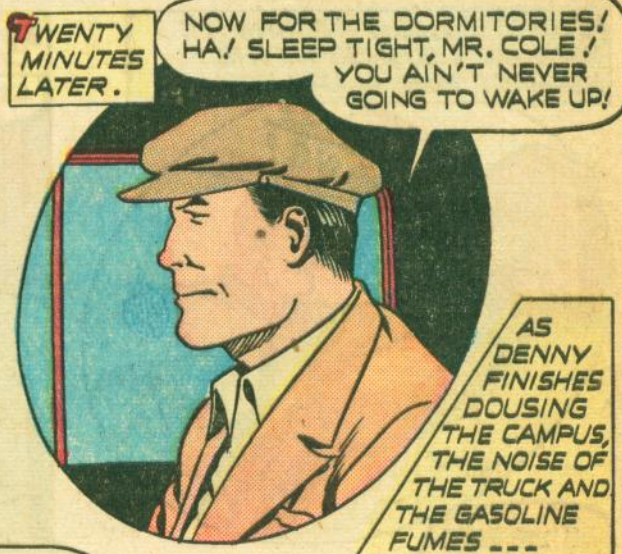
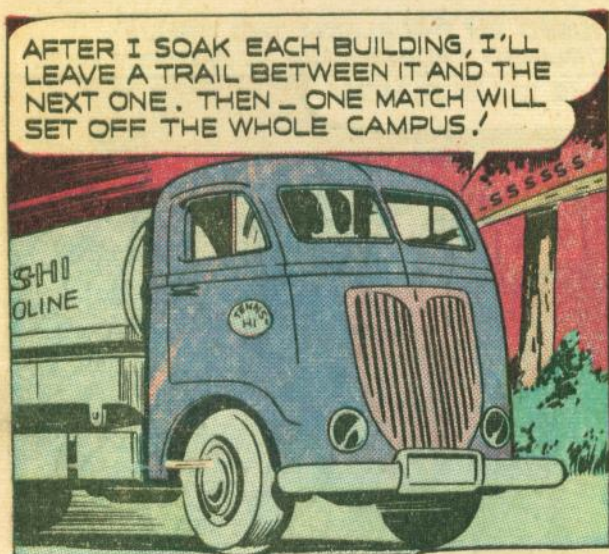
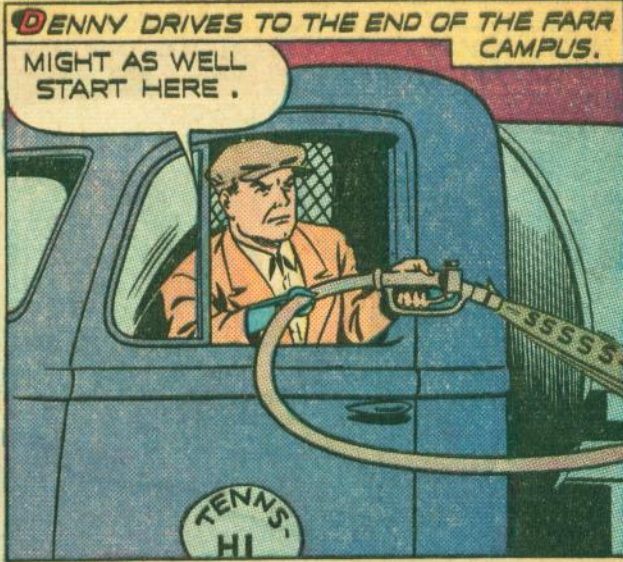
YES, BACK AT LAST  
TO WIPE OUT  
ALL MY  
DEBTS -  
IN FIRE!



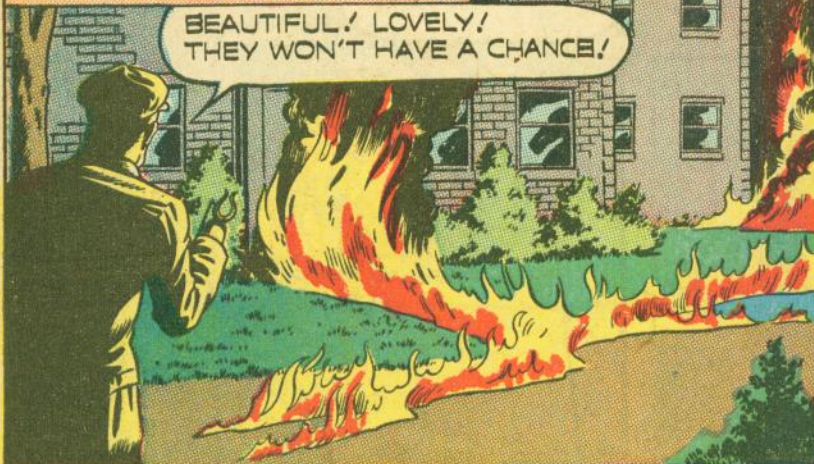
I OWE FARR  
AND DICK COLE  
PLENTY! IT WAS  
THEM THAT  
SPIKED A COUPLE  
OF DEALS THAT  
WOULD HAVE  
MADE ME RICH!  
AND I BLAME  
THEM FOR THIS  
ARTIFICIAL ARM  
I'VE GOT! WELL,  
HERE GOES FOR  
MY REVENGE!



**D**ENNY, A CROOK WHO HAS SEVERAL TIMES RUN AFOUL OF DICK COLE WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS TO HIMSELF, NOW HATES DICK AND FARR WITH ALL THE FURY OF A WARPED MIND.



**DENNY FLIPS THE MATCH INTO A POOL OF GASOLINE! INSTANTLY FLAMES RUSH ALONG THE GASOLINE TRAIL FROM BUILDING TO BUILDING!**

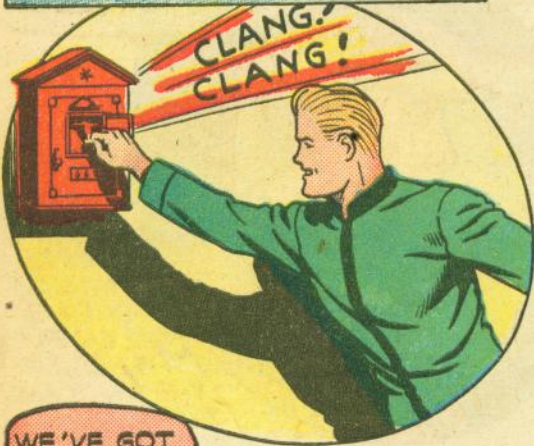


BEAUTIFUL! LOVELY! THEY WON'T HAVE A CHANCE!



GOOD GRIEF! ALL FARR IS AFIRE!

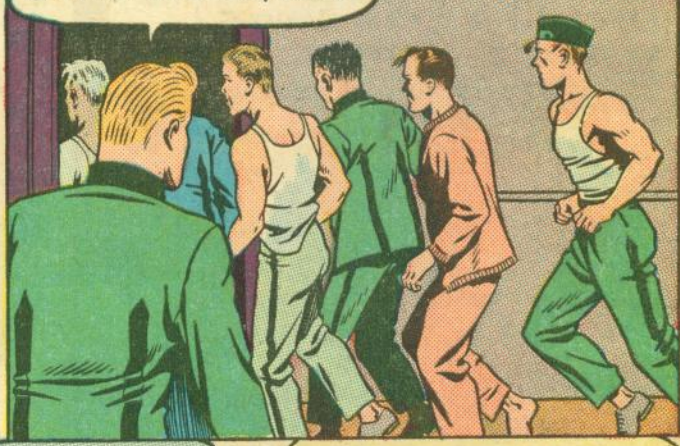
**HORRIFIED, BUT KEEPING HIS WITS, DICK RUSHES TO THE NEAREST FIRE ALARM BOX.**



WE'VE GOT TO FIGHT TO SAVE FARR!

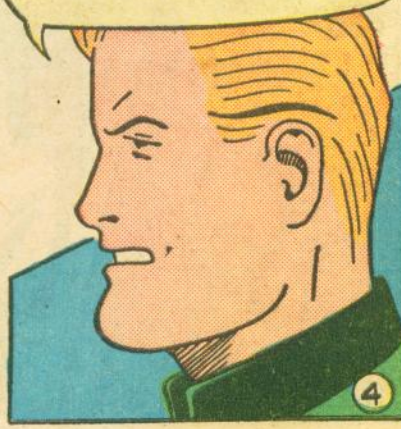
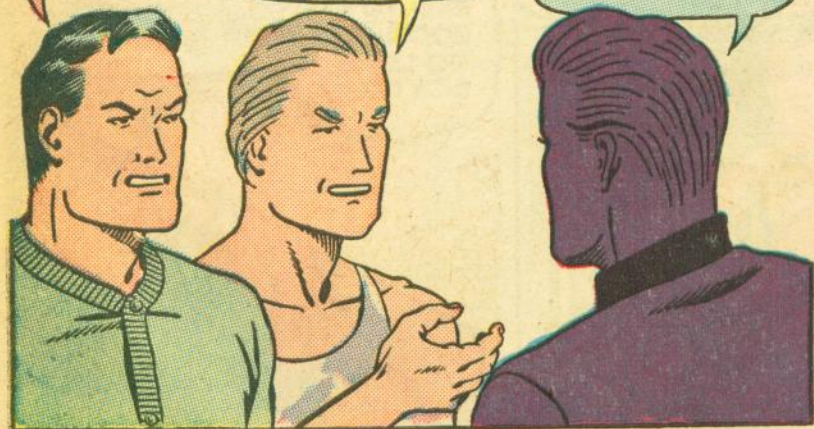
WE'LL FORM HOSE SQUADS, DICK, AND...

**AROUSSED BY THE ALARM, THE WELL-DISCIPLINED CADETS MAKE AN ORDERLY EXIT. ON THE DOUBLE, MEN!**

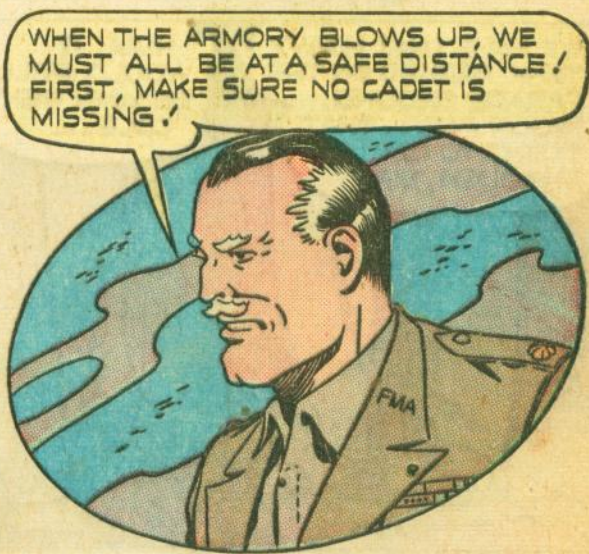
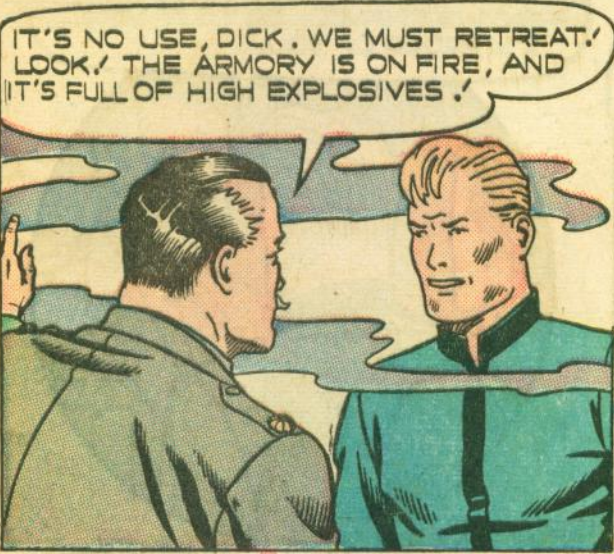


IT'S NO USE, FELLOWS. THE FIRE'S TOO WIDESPREAD!

EVEN OUR FIRE-FIGHTING EQUIPMENT IS BURNING UP. ALL WE CAN DO IS FORM BUCKET BRIGADES!



**LED BY DICK AND BARK HALL, BUCKET BRIGADES FORM, BUT FIGHT A LOSING BATTLE!**



**BARK HALL AND SLIP'RY FALL IN BEHIND DICK.**

I'LL GO AFTER HIM, SIR.

COUNT ME IN, DICK.

I'M COMING, TOO!

I WILL NOT PERMIT YOU BOYS TO GO TO CERTAIN DEATH! THE SMALL ARMS AMMUNITION ALREADY IS EXPLODING! YOU'LL NEVER REACH THE ARMORY!



-- BUT AT LEAST YOU'D HAVE A FIGHTING CHANCE. GO TO IT, MEN -- I'M PROUD OF YOU!

WE HAVE THAT HEAVY TANK PARKED ON THE PARADE GROUND, MAJOR FARR. THAT OUGHT TO GET US THROUGH, SIR.

HMM. IT WOULD STILL BE VERY RISKY, COLE...



**MOMENTS LATER, WITH DICK, BARK, AND SLIP'RY AS CREW, THE TANK LUMBERS TOWARD THE FLAMING ARMORY!**

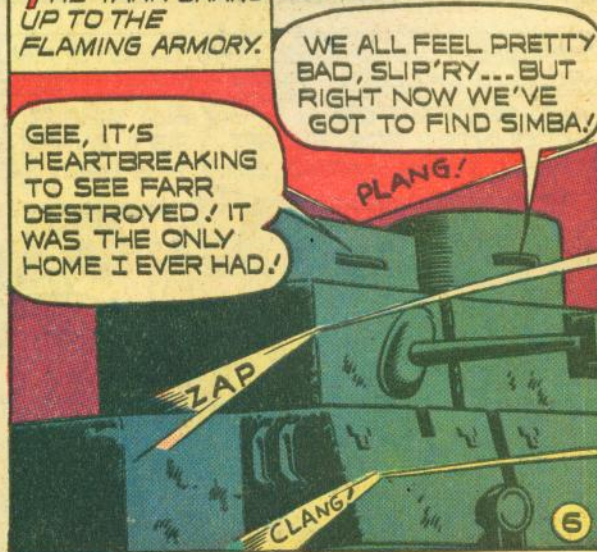
THE SMALL STUFF'S POPPING, ALL RIGHT. ONCE THE BIG STUFF STARTS..



**THE TANK DRAWS UP TO THE FLAMING ARMORY.**

WE ALL FEEL PRETTY BAD, SLIP'RY... BUT RIGHT NOW WE'VE GOT TO FIND SIMBA!

GEE, IT'S HEARTBREAKING TO SEE FARR DESTROYED! IT WAS THE ONLY HOME I EVER HAD!



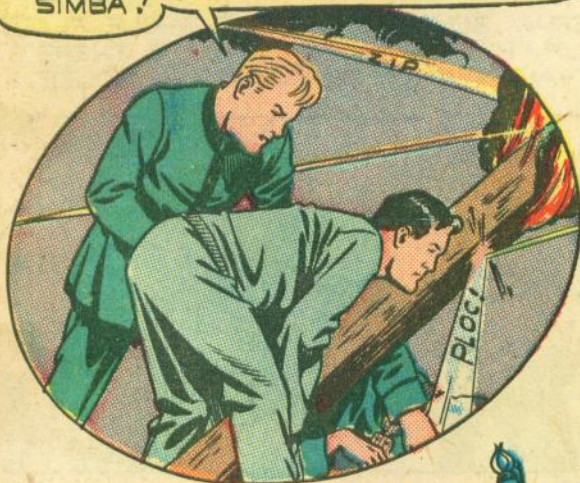
**QUESTION No. 3.** Dick Cole will help you complete this: Wood and \_\_\_\_\_ are used as fuels.

**THE TANK CIRCLES THE ARMORY, AND, AT THE REAR—**

LOOK! SIMBA! HE'S PINNED DOWN BY A TIMBER FROM THE ROOF!



HE'S ALIVE \_ BUT OH, HIS FACE! POOR SIMBA!



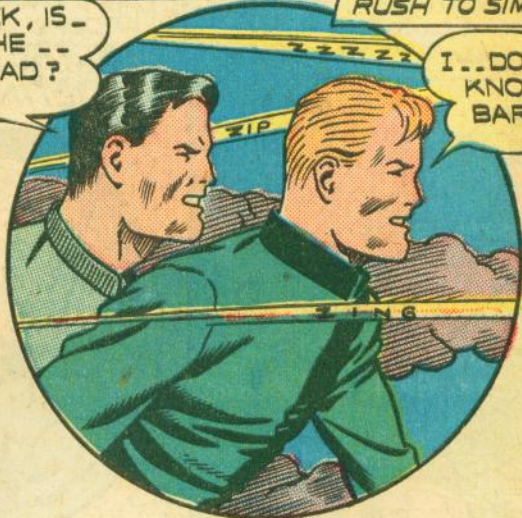
THEY'RE CARRYIN' OFF THAT CADET, NOW'S MY CHANCE! I'LL BRAIN HIM!



**DICK AND BARK LEAP FROM THE TANK AND RUSH TO SIMBA—**

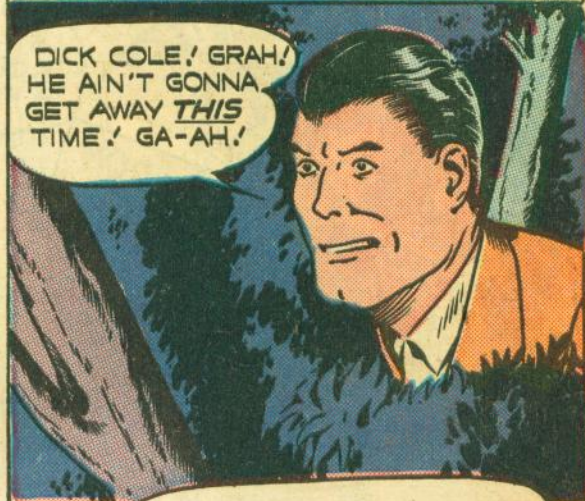
DICK, IS—  
IS HE \_  
DEAD?

I...DON'T.  
KNOW,  
BARK!



**MEANWHILE, FROM SOME NEAR-BY BUSHES—**

DICK COLE, GRAH!  
HE AIN'T GONNA  
GET AWAY THIS  
TIME! GA-AH!



THANK GOODNESS SIMBA'S  
STILL ALIVE, BARK!

YOU CAN  
SAY THAT  
AGAIN!



**AS DENNY AIMS A MURDEROUS BLOW AT DICK, A LARGE SHELL FRAGMENT STRIKES DENNY.**



**HEARING DENNY'S CRY, DICK SWINGS AROUND!**

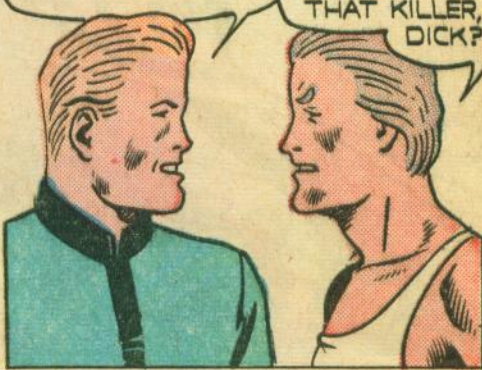
**WHAT ON EARTH, DENNY!**



**LEAVING DENNY, DICK AND BARK CARRY SIMBA TO SLIP'RY, WAITING BY THE TANK.**

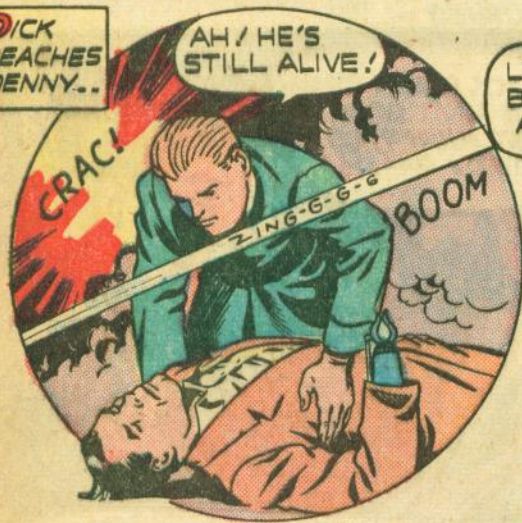
**DENNY MAY STILL BE ALIVE. I'M GOING BACK AND GET HIM, FELLOWS.**

**ARE YOU CRAZY? WHY RISK YOUR LIFE FOR THAT KILLER, DICK?**



**DICK REACHES DENNY...**

**AH! HE'S STILL ALIVE!**



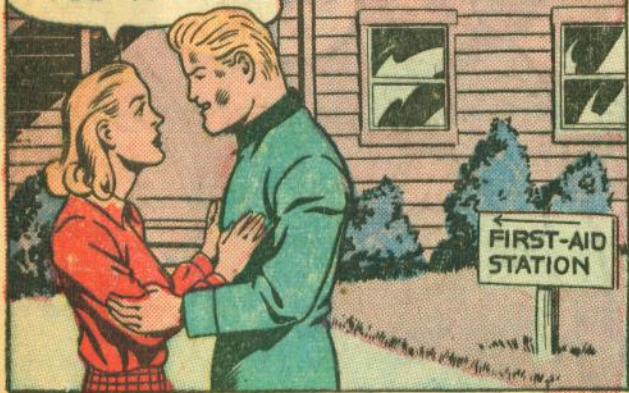
**...AND CARRIES HIM SAFELY BACK TO BARK AND SLIPRY.**

**LET'S SCRAM, BOYS, BEFORE THE WHOLE PLACE BLOWS UP! HIT FOR LAURA BRADLY'S. THERE'S A FIRST-AID STATION SET UP AT HER HOUSE.**



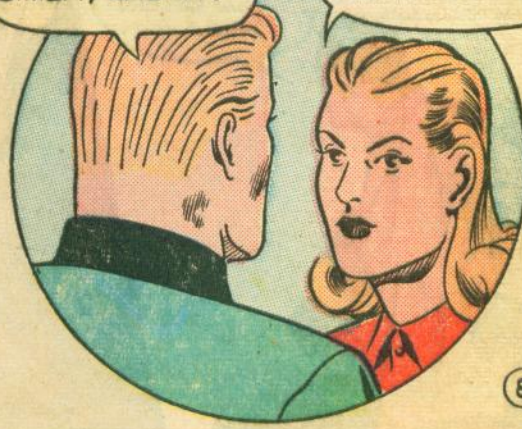
**MINUTES LATER: THE HOME OF COACH BRADLY, SITUATED SAFELY OFF THE MAIN CAMPUS—**

**OH, DICK! THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE SAFE!**



**YES, I'M SAFE, BUT FARR IS DESTROYED. HOW ABOUT SIMBA, LAURA?**

**DOCTOR WHITE IS WITH HIM NOW. WE SHOULD HEAR SOON.**



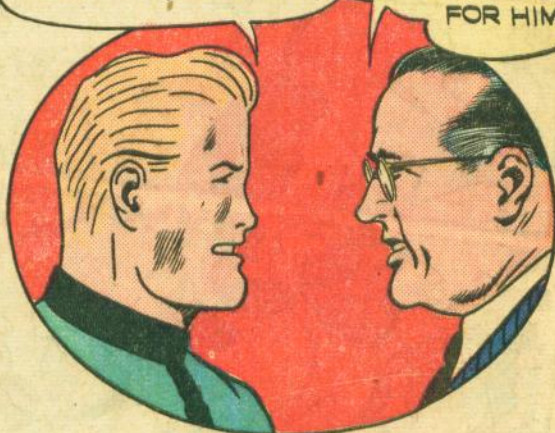
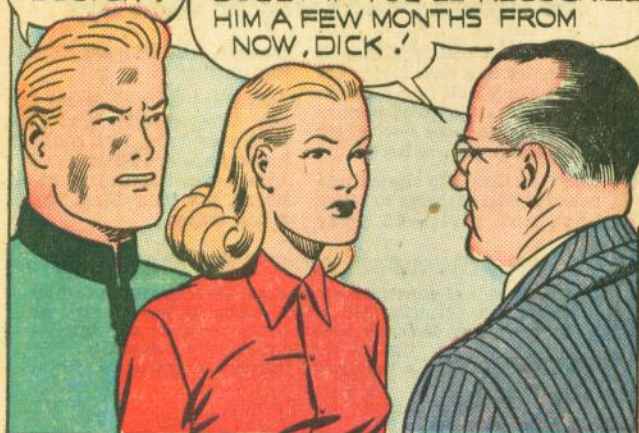
**AFTER A HALF-HOUR OF SUSPENSE, DR. WHITE APPEARS.**

HOW IS HE, DOCTOR?

SIMBA WILL LIVE, BUT I DOUBT IF YOU'LL RECOGNIZE HIM A FEW MONTHS FROM NOW, DICK!

HIS FACE WAS TERRIBLY MUTILATED. WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT, DOCTOR?

PLASTIC SURGEONS WILL MAKE A NEW FACE FOR HIM!



AS FOR THE OTHER ONE YOU BROUGHT IN - DENNY, HE HAS AN EVEN CHANCE TO RECOVER AND BE RETURNED TO THE ASYLUM.

**S**INGED AND DOWNHEARTED, THE FARR CADETS WATCH THE ARMORY EXPLODE, AND THEIR SCHOOL BURN TO THE GROUND.



WE GOT HERE SOON AS WE COULD. LOOKS LIKE WE SHOULDA STAYED AT HOME.

OH, GOSH, I FEEL LIKE CRYING!

BUCK UP, BOYS. THIS HITS ME HARD, TOO. THE SCHOOL IS MY LIFE WORK. I'LL NOTIFY THE ALUMNI, WE'LL RAISE FUNDS, AND OUT OF THESE ASHES WILL RISE A NEW AND BETTER FARR MILITARY ACADEMY.

HOW ABOUT OUR SCHOOL SONG, GANG? LET'S GO!

WE'LL ALWAYS BE NEAR TO FARR, WE'LL PRAISE HER WHERE'ER WE ARE, WE'LL CHEER HER EACH DAY WITH A HIP HIP HOORAY - IT'S A RULE THERE'S NO SCHOOL LIKE FARR!



**F**ARR'S BUILDINGS HAVE BURNED, BUT FARR ISN'T LICKED BE SURE TO SEE NEXT ISSUE FOR A BIG SURPRISE!

9

**Here's how to get 24 FULL-COLOR BIRD PICTURES!**

**START COLLECTING NOW —  
No waiting—Nothing to mail in!**

Just open a box of Kellogg's Krumbles and look inside for your prize. You'll find a handsome 2½" x 4½" bird picture in every package — larger than those shown here!

You'll be proud to show these colorful bird pictures to other boys and girls—to your

teacher, too! So start collecting now!

And what a swell cereal you get! Crisp, Malt. The kind that goes down fast. Mothers know Kellogg's Krumbles has whole-wheat nourishment. So hurry, ask your Mom to get a box today.

### AN ALBUM FOR YOUR BIRD PICTURES

See the side of your Krumbles package for instructions on how to get this beautiful 5½" x 6½" album. It has twenty-four pages—a page for every picture—with the name and description of the bird already printed in. It's a book you'll treasure for years and years



These prizes are enclosed only in packages of Kellogg's Krumbles sold in the U. S.

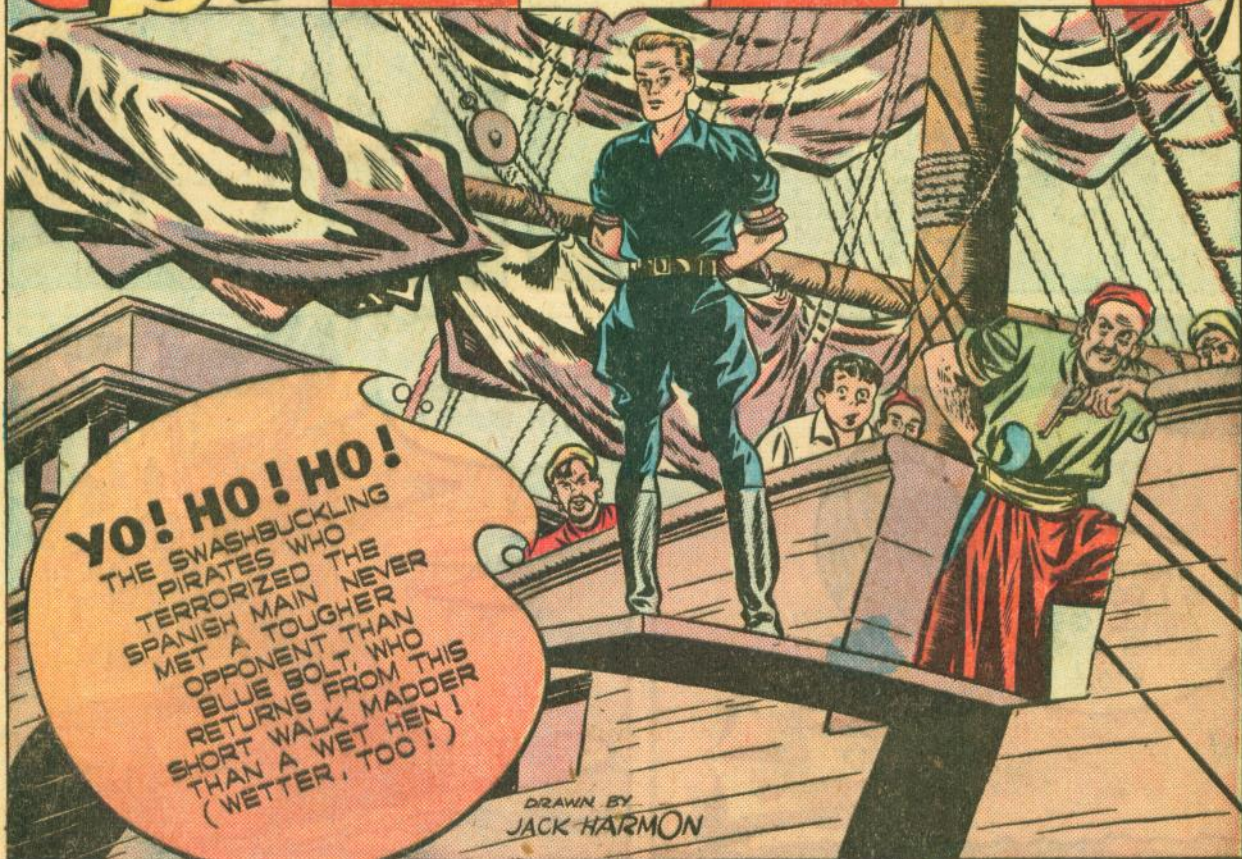


**Kellogg's KRUMBLES**—a picture in every package



# BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



YO! HO! HO!

THE SWASHBUCKLING  
PIRATES WHO  
TERRORIZED THE  
SPANISH MAIN NEVER  
MET A TOUGHER  
OPPONENT THAN  
BLUE BOLT, WHO  
RETURNS FROM THIS  
SHORT WALK Madder  
THAN A WET HEN!  
(WETTER, TOO!)

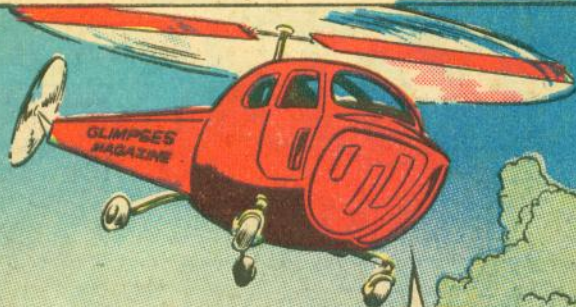
DRAWN BY  
JACK HARMON



**T**HE  
GLIMPSES  
HELICOPTER  
SPEEDS  
OVER  
THE  
CARIBBEAN  
SEA...

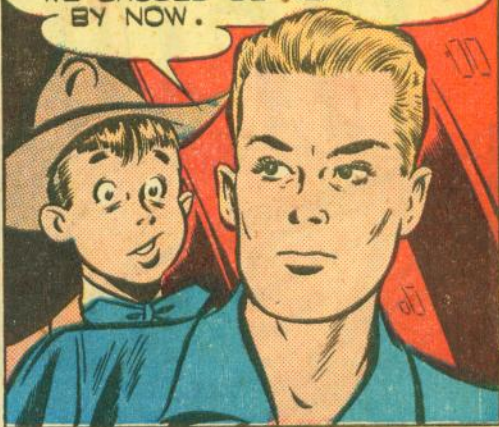
WHAT'S THE  
PITCH ON THIS  
EL DORADO, BLUE  
BOLT? WHAT IS  
A GALLON?

A GALLON IS STILL  
FOUR QUARTS, SONNY.  
A GALLEON IS THE  
SIXTEENTH CENTURY  
VERSION OF A  
BATTLESHIP.



EL DORADO IS AN EXACT REPLICA OF AN OLD GALLEON BEING GIVEN BY A SOUTH AMERICAN COUNTRY TO A U.S. NAUTICAL MUSEUM.

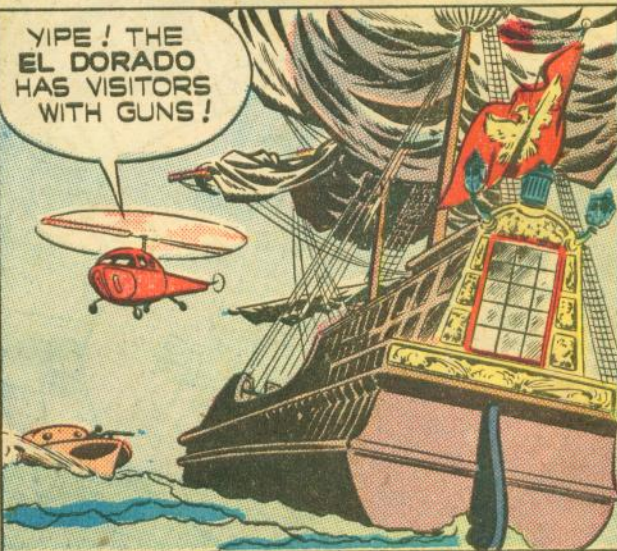
IT'S SAILING NORTH WITH A TYPICAL CARGO... GOLD GOBLETS AND ART TREASURES. WE SHOULD BE NEAR IT BY NOW.



THERE SHE IS! GOLLY, WE'LL GET SOME SWELL PIX!



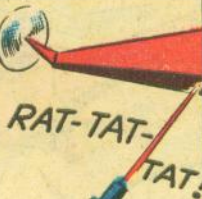
YIPE! THE EL DORADO HAS VISITORS WITH GUNS!



HIJACKERS!

PIRATES!

BLAST THAT PLANE BEFORE THEY SEND A RADIO ALARM!



RAT-TAT-TAT!

GET SET FOR A CRASH, SNAP! THE ENGINES HAVE CONKED OUT!

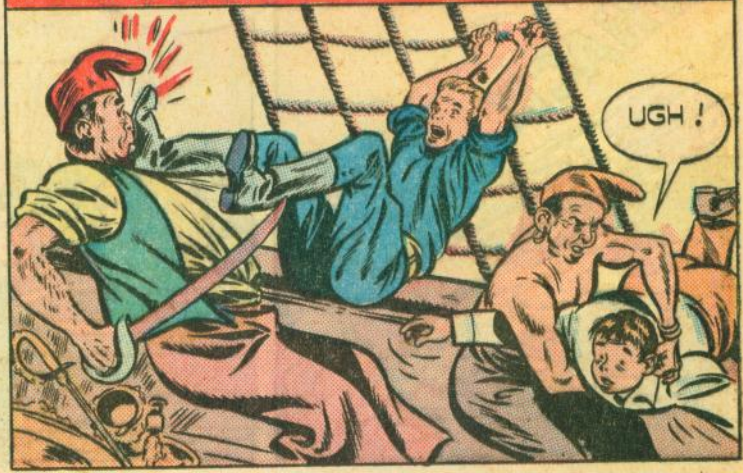


OKAY, BUCK!

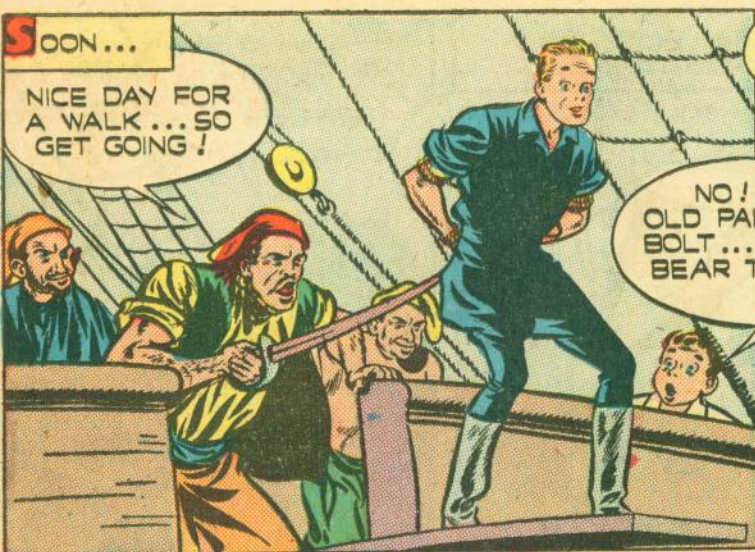


**T**HE WET CAMERA SLIPS FROM SNAP'S HANDS!

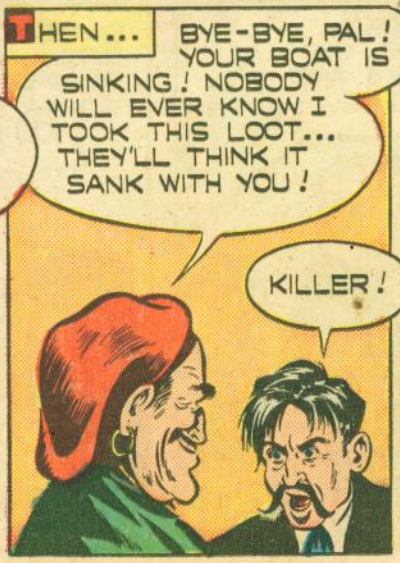
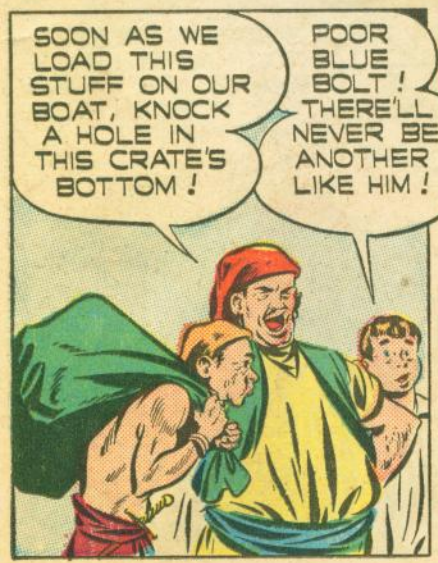
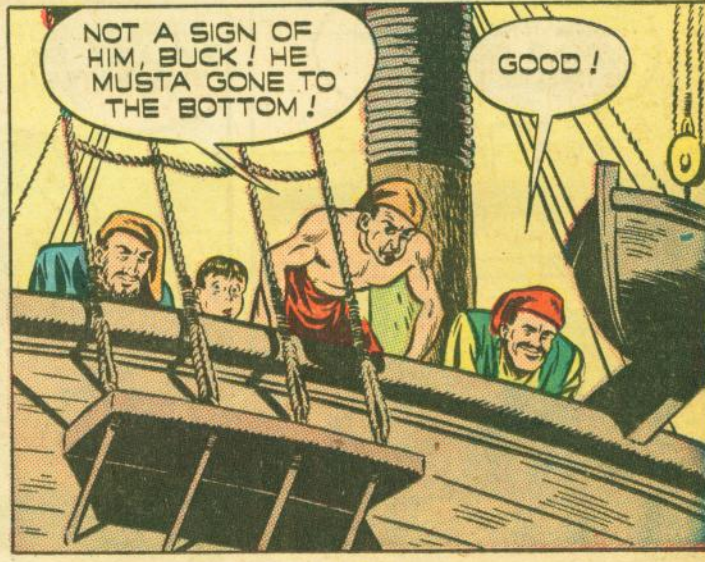
**A**LARMED, THE PIRATES FALL UPON BLUE BOLT AND SNAP!



**S**OON ...



**C**ALMLY, BLUE BOLT PLUNGES INTO THE SEA!



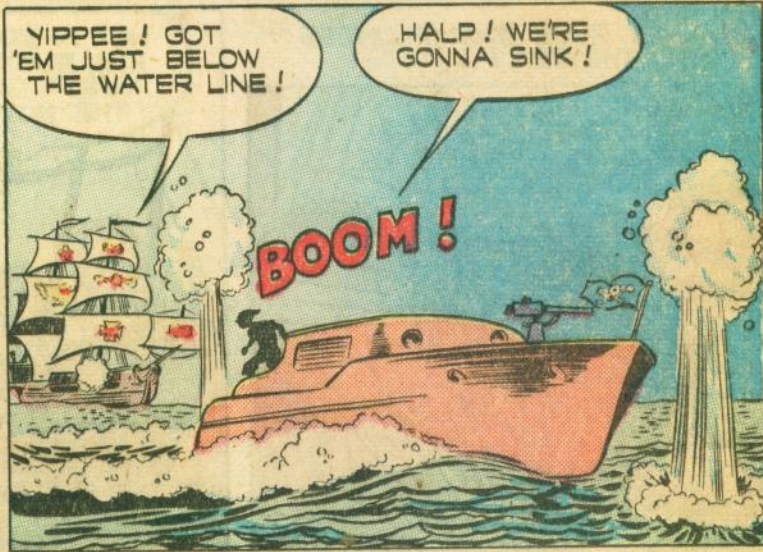
**B**BLUE BOLT SWIMS UNDER THE GALLEON, GULPS FRESH AIR, AND..



**F**REED, BLUE BOLT CLIMBS UP.

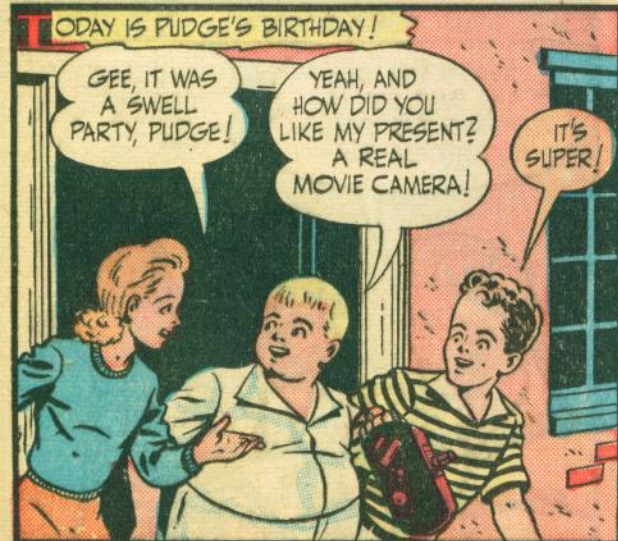


ZEE CANNONS ARE LOADED FOR A SALUTE! PERHAPS...



# FEARLESS FELLERS

By  
JOE DONOHUE



I KNOW! LET'S MAKE A PICTURE LIKE THE ONE AT THE BIJOU WHERE THE BAD GUY TIES THE GIRL TO THE RAILROAD TRACKS--

--AND THE GOOD GUY SAVES HER.

I'M GONNA BE THE GOOD GUY!

I WANT TO BE THE BAD GUY-- I HAVE A FALSE MOUSTACHE!

I'M THE CAMERAMAN AND THE DIRECTOR!

COME ON, LET'S GO HOME AND GET MADE UP. WE'LL MEET AT THE CLUBHOUSE.

FEW MINUTES LATER--

HURRY UP, I HAVE THE STORY ALL READY!

HURRAY! WE'RE ALL SET!

WAIT A MINUTE. WE AREN'T ALLOWED ON THE RAILROAD TRACKS.

WHAT ABOUT THAT 'OL' SPUR THAT RUNS THROUGH THE WOODS?

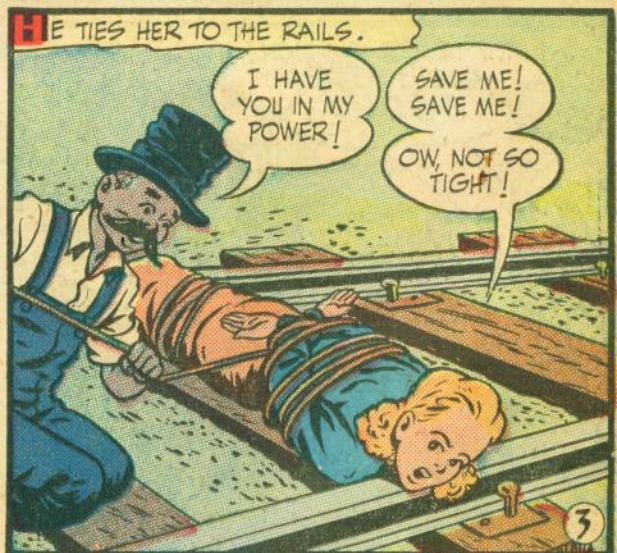
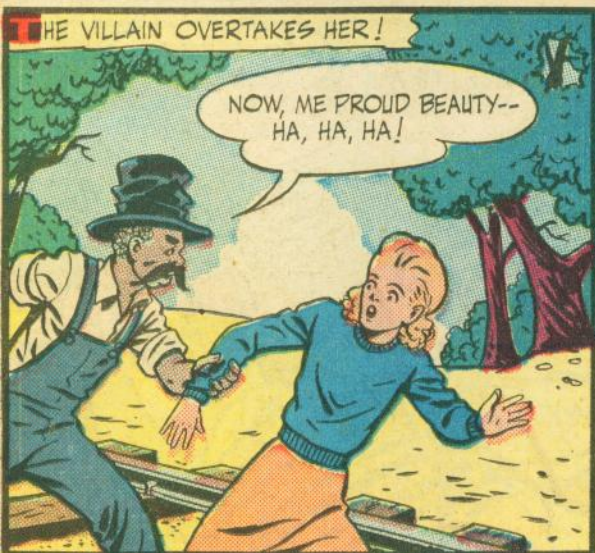
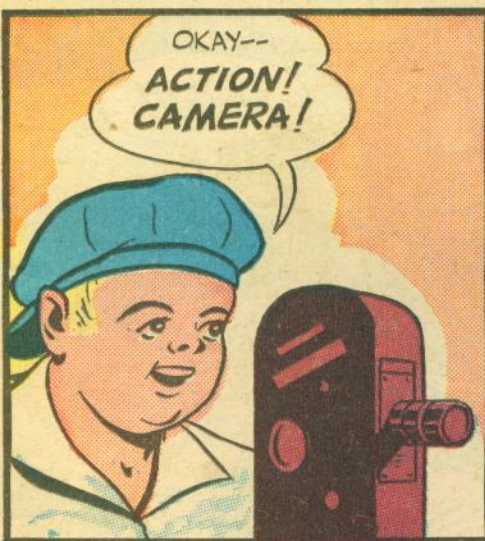
THAT'S RIGHT! TRAINS HAVEN'T RUN THERE FOR YEARS!

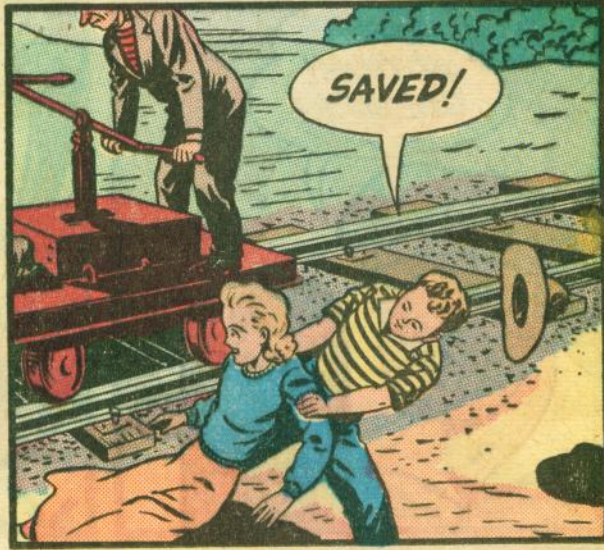
LET'S GO. I'LL CARRY THE ROPE.

THEY START FOR "LOCATION."

HERE'S THE IDEA-- THE BAD GUY IS CHASING THE GIRL-- HE CATCHES HER--

YEAH, AND TIES HER TO THE TRACKS.







# • TIMID TIM •

HEY, MISTER! BUY  
A RABBIT FOOT—

RABBIT

I ALWAYS WANTED  
A RABBIT FOOT!  
HERE'S YOUR  
MONEY.

AND HERE'S  
YOUR CHANGE.

—IT'LL BRING YA  
GOOD LUCK!

SURE  
THING!

RABBIT  
FEET  
25¢

SAY, WAIT A  
MINUTE! HOW  
DO I KNOW  
THIS WILL  
BRING ME  
GOOD LUCK  
?

OH, DON'T  
WORRY ABOUT  
THAT.

RABBIT  
FEET

WHY, DIDN'T THESE  
RABBIT FEET GIVE **ME**  
THIS SWELL LITTLE  
BUSINESS?!

RABBIT

HOLD ON THERE!  
WHERE'S YOUR  
LICENSE TO DO  
BUSINESS?

--ER.. I..  
--ER.. HAVEN'T  
GOT ANY!

RABBIT  
FEET  
25¢

TOUGH LUCK, BUDDY.  
THAT'LL COST YOU  
THIRTY DAYS IN JAIL!

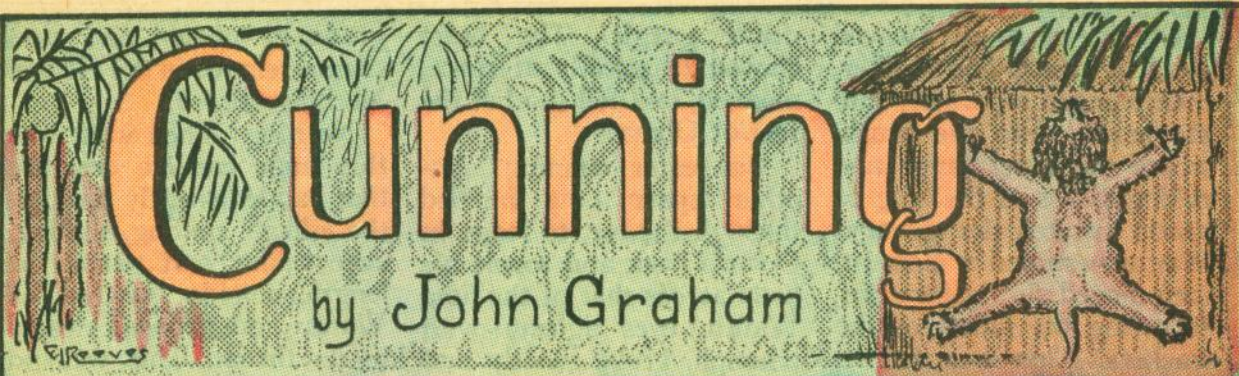
RABBIT  
FEET  
25¢

25¢

ART  
HELFANT,

# Cunning

by John Graham

A stylized illustration at the top of the page. On the left, there are palm trees and a small hut. In the center, the title 'Cunning' is written in large, orange, outlined letters. Below the title, the author's name 'by John Graham' is written in a smaller, black, outlined font. On the right, a lioness is depicted in a dynamic, almost dancing pose, with its arms and legs spread wide. The background is a textured, greenish-brown color.

THE men of the Nagoli were solemn as they assembled in the ceremonial hut of the kraal. Ordinarily a happy folk, there was not time for laughter among them this day. Mingled emotions contributed to their grimness. There was yet grief for the dead chief, and a realization of the care they must use in selecting a new one. Yes, they must choose a new leader, but they must choose well. He who would be chief of the Nagoli must lack neither courage nor a feeling for justice. The turbulent jungle — where sudden death is ever neighbor to man — allowed for no error. It was with good cause then that the Nagoli were serious; perhaps their very survival hinged on the choice.

The drums and the gourds wailed a lament for the dead one. A wild thing it was, beautiful in its savagery and heart-breaking in its grief. Higher the crescendo of sorrow rose, but there was one who did not listen. Wantu was not concerned with the dead — he schemed to be the new chief! Ambition's creature, he had no interest in dirges. Let the other fools rant of courage and justice;

he had a more powerful weapon — CUNNING!

Cunning he had in plenty, but he must make certain how to employ it. He must learn what test the elders of the tribe had devised for the candidates to prove their fitness. Each time a new chief was chosen, the method was different. This plan eliminated any advance preparations and insured that the new leader would be a man who could act swiftly. A leader must be swift if his people were to exist in the jungle!

Wantu's head ached as he tried to anticipate the test. Would those foolish drums never cease, so the announcement might be made? What was the test? What? What? What? It was almost as though the question beat drums of its own in Wantu's throbbing skull.

But wait! The senior priest of the tribe had detached himself from the group of elders and was moving to the center of the hut. The old man raised a hand for silence and the drums subsided into a low, mournful sobbing. The group of candidates inched forward and Wantu trem-

bled as he shook in the grip of ambition. How he wanted to spring up on the old one and wrest the secret from him. Speak, old one! Speak!

"My people," the old man said slowly, "the time has come when a new one must lead us. It is the tradition of the Nagoli that our chief must be as strong as he is resourceful. What better way to prove it than to conquer the mighty lion? Such is our decision: he who first returns with the skin of a freshly killed tawny one shall rule the Nagoli. Prepare then, O hunters! Let your spears be swift and your arms strong! The gods shall smile on the most skilled one. I have spoken!"

The old man returned to the group of priests, and silence held the hut—silence broken only by the labored breathing of Wantu. Ho! Here was the ideal chance to prove his cunning. Usually it took raw jungle courage to conquer mighty Simba. Of this, Wantu had none. But he did have cunning! He fled from the hut with the other warriors, smiling as he formed his ghastly plan. True, he had not the courage to stalk a lion — but he had the cunning to stalk humans!

Outside the hunters waved good fortune to one another, then plunged separately into the brush. Into the brush, where the cruel fangs and raking talons of the king of beasts awaited the unwary! Wantu hesitated a moment, then moved slowly forward, following the tallest of the trackers. This was Ooma, strongest spearman among the Nagoli. This was Ooma, who would make Wantu chief. Ooma was the strongest and the swiftest — but Wantu was the most cunning!

The lithe figure of Ooma forged fearlessly into the undergrowth. Engrossed in his tracking, he failed to notice the shadow that skulked behind him. Skulked and trailed, with spear ever raised at Ooma's back. Wantu's cunning would yet make him king of all the Nagoli!

Suddenly the roar of an approaching lion sounded through the jungle. The steaming greenness became alive with terror. Monkeys chattered as they fled through treetops, and lesser beasts rustled the brush with the panic of their flight. Wantu blanched at the sound of the bellow. But ambition held him to his task as he pressed after the hurrying Ooma.

As though aware it was being hunted by the puny man-folk, the tawny giant burst into the clearing. Sighting Ooma, it thundered a challenge as it sprang forward, great mouth gaping, and paws extended to rake and claw. The furious charge was met, however, with a well-aimed spear that turned the cry of rage into a

death gurgle. The beast clawed frantically at space, moaned, and fell dead at the feet of Ooma!

But enter cunning! Another spear now hurtled through the air, to lodge in Ooma's back and topple his body across that of the lion. Wantu, eyes agleam with triumph, broke swiftly into view. Ho! There was no weapon like cunning! Here he had his lion and had undergone no personal risk. Yet he must be swift! There would be time for gloating later! It was more important now to bury Ooma and skin the lion. Fate was good to him. The killing had taken place at the edge of a gorge and it was but small effort to roll the lifeless Ooma over it. Quick strokes of his blade separated the lion's skin from the carcass. It was done! Cunning had made him chief!

There was much rejoicing that night in the village of the Nagoli. The drums beat madly as they flung the story of Wantu's greatness to the winds. Wantu smiled as he watched the celebrants. Fools! Yes! he was king, but none knew that he had conquered by virtue of his cunning. What did it matter, though? Was not the skin of the dead lion hung outside *his* hut? There was none to know that he had not actually killed it. No, he was too cunning! But now for sleep! His had been a full day and his body cried for sleep—sleep, when he might dream of further cunning!

He flung himself wearily down on his straw mat and quickly surrendered to sleep. The sounds of the festival

gradually abated and soon silence reigned in the village. Nothing stirred.

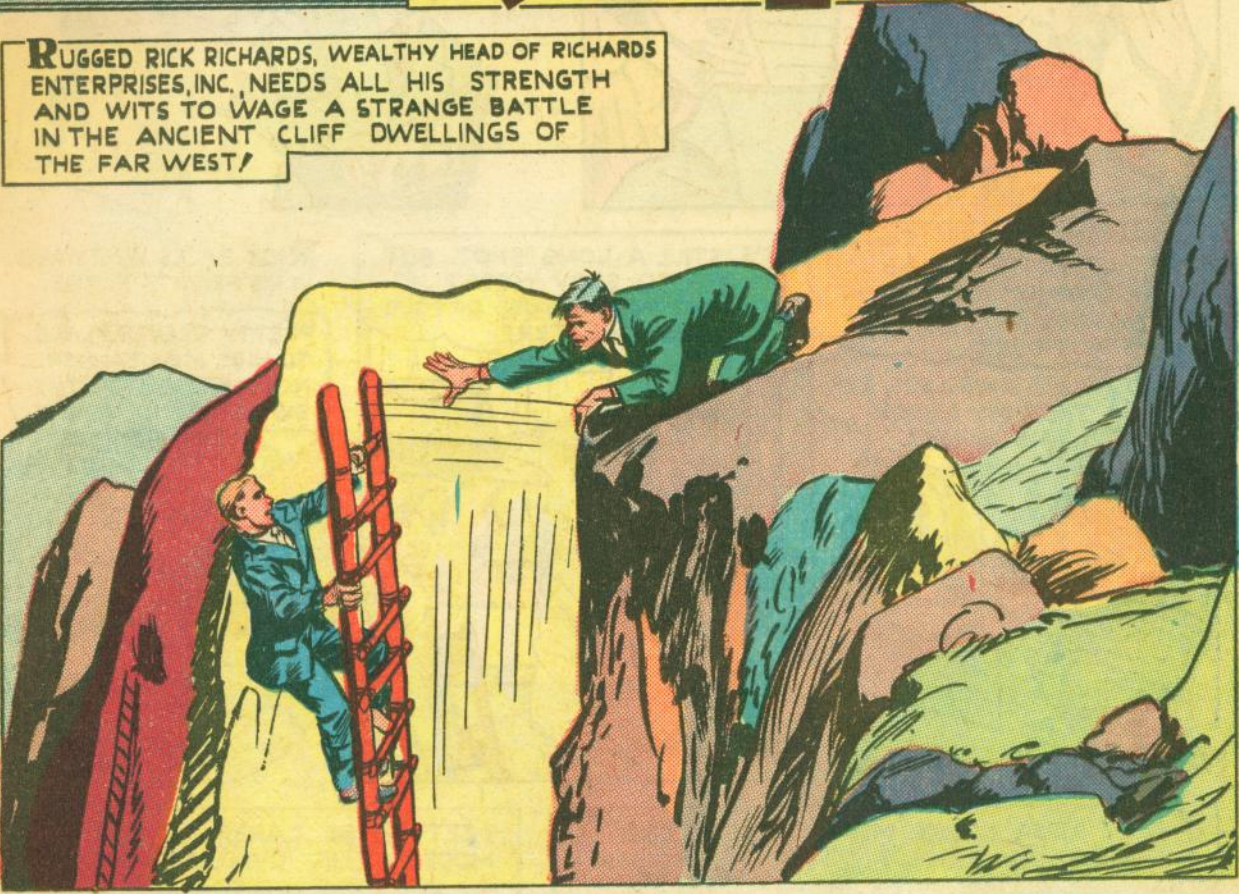
Nothing? Then what was this huge cat-like creature that padded silently through the village, sniffing, sniffing, ever sniffing? It paused at length outside the hut of Wantu and growled deeply in its throat. This was no thundering roar, but merely a growl of vengeance. Great paws crept quietly into the hut, closer, ever closer to the slumbering Wantu, deep in dreams of his cunning.

Suddenly the night was hideous with screams of terror. The frenzy contained in them was horrible, yet it was but a moment before they were stilled. Aroused, the men of the Nagoli rushed to the hut of their new chief, Wantu. Their spears were raised and ready, but there was nothing there. Nothing but a terribly mangled Wantu, his dead face ghastly in the light of the waning moon. Puzzled, the Nagoli asked one another how it happened. How had Wantu died?

One old hunter, wise in the ways of the jungle, showed them the answer. Gesturing with his spear toward the skin of the lion hung on Wantu's hut, he said, "Wah! Truly the Nagoli are unfortunate. We have lost our chief to cunning. Behold the dead lion's skin. It was that which directed the lion's mate to its killer. It is ever thus—after a hunter kills one lion, he must kill the mate, else the mate seeks vengeance. Wantu, our leader, is dead because of cunning—animal cunning!"

# Rick Richards

RUGGED RICK RICHARDS, WEALTHY HEAD OF RICHARDS ENTERPRISES, INC., NEEDS ALL HIS STRENGTH AND WITS TO WAGE A STRANGE BATTLE IN THE ANCIENT CLIFF DWELLINGS OF THE FAR WEST!



YOU'RE STUDYING THAT PICTURE VERY CAREFULLY, MR. RICHARDS.

I HAVE A HUNCH IT MAY LEAD TO THE RESCUE OF MISS BANKER.



THE KIDNAPPERS SENT THIS SNAPSHOT OF MISS BANKER TO PROVE THEY REALLY HAVE HER!

SO?

SO MAYBE MY OLD PAL  
PROFESSOR MIZZLE CAN  
CAN GIVE ME AN  
ASSIST.

BUT HIS SPECIALTY  
IS ARCHAEOLOGY,  
NOT CRIMINOLOGY!

SOON-

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS  
POTTERY IN THE BACKGROUND,  
PROFESSOR!



HMM-- REMARKABLE! THAT  
TYPE OF POTTERY WAS  
MADE ONLY BY THE ANCIENT  
CLIFF DWELLERS! THE GREY  
MESA TRIBE!

CLIFF DWELLERS, EH?  
THEN MY HUNCH  
WAS RIGHT!

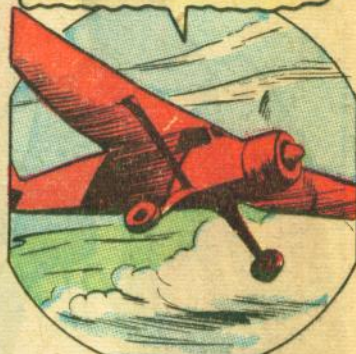


IT'S STILL A LONG SHOT.. BUT  
I'M OFF TO GREY MESA!  
THANKS FOR THE USE OF YOUR  
GREY MATTER!



**RICK RACES WESTWARD  
IN HIS PRIVATE PLANE.**

PRETTY CLEVER PLACE  
TO HIDE MISS BANKER...  
NO ONE'S VISITED THE  
DWELLINGS IN YEARS!



GREY MESA LOOKS MIGHTY DESERTED!  
GOOD THING I DIDN'T DRAG THE POLICE  
ALONG WITH ME!



I BETTER BE CAREFUL! THESE  
MODERN CLIFF DWELLERS WON'T  
WELCOME VISITORS!



BUT SOON...HIGH ON THE CLIFF...  
OH! HELP!  
QUIET! FOR PETE'S SAKE!



I CAME  
TO HELP!

I'M SORRY!  
I WAS STARTLED!

WHAT'S UP?



RICK AVERTS A PLUNGE  
TO THE ROCKS BELOW  
WITH A LIGHTNING LIKE  
FLICK OF HIS LASSO!

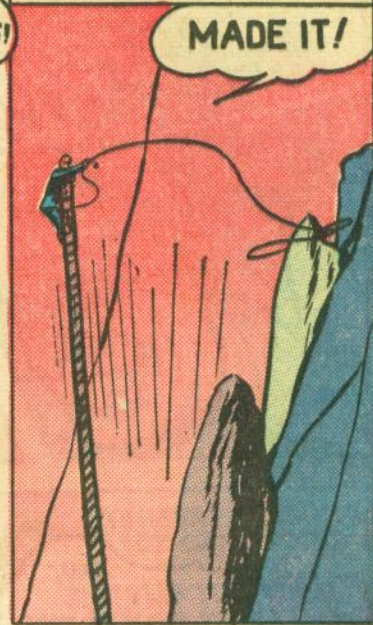
SNOOPER, HEY? WE'LL MAKE  
YOUR VISIT MIGHTY BRIEF!



YIPE! THIS THROW BETTER  
BE GOOD... OR I'LL BE  
FOOD FOR THE BUZZARDS!



MADE IT!



OH, HE'S  
WONDERFUL!

HE'LL BE A WONDERFUL  
MESS IN A MINUTE!



YOU LADS AREN'T  
EXACTLY HOSPITABLE,  
SO I'LL HAVE TO  
INVITE MYSELF!



MY, THE MOUNTAIN AIR IS INVIGORATING!  
DOESN'T IT FILL YOU WITH PEP?

OOF!

WHEN A BODY MEETS A  
BODY? DUM-DEE-DUM-DEE-  
DUM!

SINGIN' SONGS, EH?  
GET READY FOR A  
LULLABY!

THERE! THAT'LL ROCK YOU  
TO SLEEP!

OH!

OH! YOU'VE  
KILLED HIM!

NAW, HE'S TOO  
TOUGH! STEP  
ASIDE WHILE I TIE  
HIM UP!

THIS MAKES GETTING  
SLUGGED ENJOYABLE!

WHO ARE YOU?

THANK HEAVENS!  
HE'S COMING TO!

AW,  
CUT OUT THE  
SOFT STUFF! THIS  
AIN'T NO NURSERY!

WOTSA MATTER,  
SNAKE... JEALOUS?

YEAH! SNAKE'S  
FALLIN' FOR  
DA DAME!

SHUDDUR  
MUGS!

QUESTION No. 10. "When a body meets a body" is a line from what old song?

JUST CALL ME RICK! HOW ABOUT  
A DATE TOMORROW NIGHT?

DELIGHTED!  
BUT...

BREAK IT UP! THIS AIN'T THE  
TUNNEL OF LOVE! COME  
ON, YOU... WE'RE GOIN'  
UPSTAIRS.

WOULD EIGHT O'CLOCK  
BE TOO EARLY, ANN?

NO,  
PERFECT,  
RICK.

FOR BEIN' SUCH A WISE GUY  
YOU GET A SLOW DEATH...  
FROM HUNGER AND THIRST!

THERE GOES YOUR ROPE!  
EVEN IF YOU BUST YOUR  
BONDS, YOU CAN'T GET  
DOWN, 'CAUSE I'M TAKIN'  
THE LADDERS, TOO!

YOU MUST BE OUTTA  
YOUR HEAD! YOU AIN'T  
COMIN' DOWN FROM  
THIS CLIFF!

THANKS, OL' PAL! I'LL  
DO THE SAME FOR YOU  
SOME TIME!

OH, BROTHER.  
NOW WHAT?

**A**NN RUSHES TO SNAKE ON HIS RETURN.

LET HIM GO! I'LL  
PAY ANYTHING!

AW! DON'T GET EXCITED  
OVER THAT DOPE!

YOU'RE KINDA CUTE, KID!  
YOU'D MAKE A TERRIFIC  
MRS. SNAKE LIMBUGGER!

FREE RICK, AND  
I'LL GIVE YOU  
THE COMBI-  
NATION TO MY  
SAFE! YOU'LL BE  
ABLE TO TAKE ANY-  
THING... CASH, JEWELS?



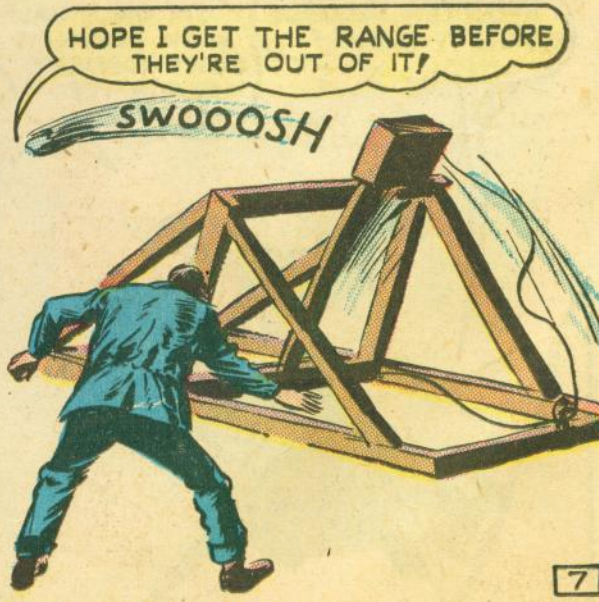
**MEANWHILE....** RICK KICKS OVER A PIECE OF POTTERY.



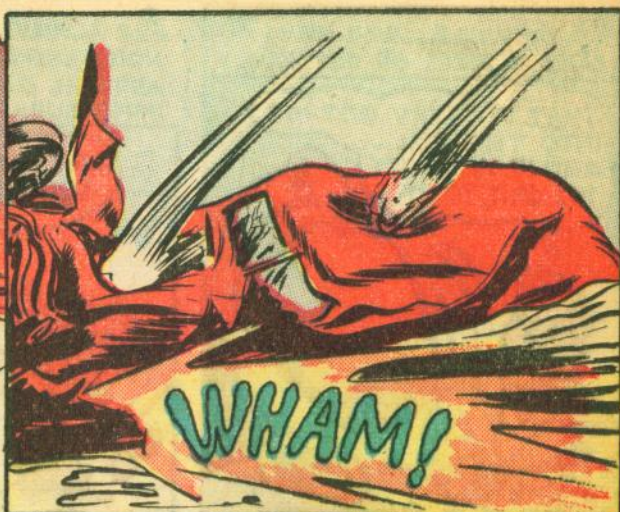
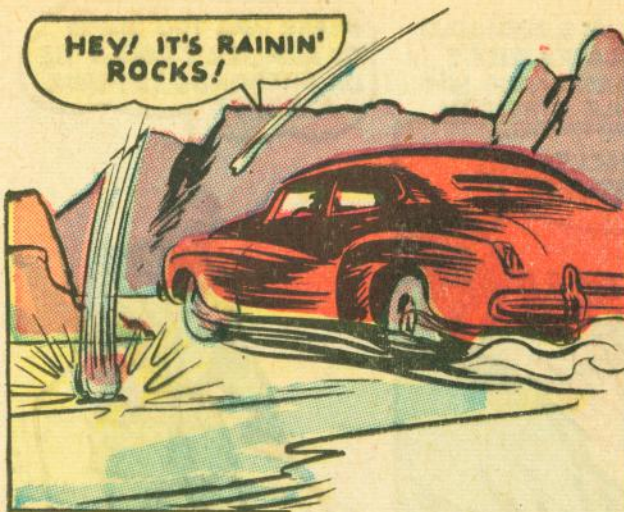
**AS ALWAYS,** A SUDDEN LOUD NOISE STIMULATES RICK'S ADRENAL GLANDS, GIVING HIM IMMEASURABLE STRENGTH.



Snake was too dumb to realize I could tie up my bonds to make a rope!



HEY! IT'S RAININ' ROCKS!



OW! ME LEG IS BUSTED! I CAN'T WALK!

SNAKE! THE CLIFF! IT'LL FALL ON US!



NO! HELP! STOP THE EXPLOSION! WE'LL BE BURIED ALIVE!



DYNAMITE DUE TO BLOW-STOP IT!

THE FOOLS! HOW CAN I STOP IT NOW?



ABOUTTEN SECONDS BEFORE IT BLOWS!

I'M ONLY HALF-WAY DOWN! I CAN'T POSSIBLY REACH IT!



RICK! I KNEW YOU'D COME!

HI, ANN! LOOKS LIKE OUR ROMANCE WILL BE THE SHORTEST ON RECORD UNLESS....



... I CAN BREAK OPEN THIS  
CATCH POOL AND DRENCH  
THE FUSE!

THE PRETTIEST WATERFALL  
I'VE EVER SEEN...ONLY  
HURRY!

THE WATER POURS DOWN  
THE CLIFF JUST IN TIME!



HURRAY! WE'RE  
SAVED!

YEAH... TO SPEND  
THE REST OF OUR  
LIVES IN JAIL.

LET'S PICK UP OUR  
SHATTERED HOSTS  
AND GET OUT OF  
THIS PLACE!

GOOD IDEA! THIS  
ACTIVITY IS WEARING  
ME DOWN!

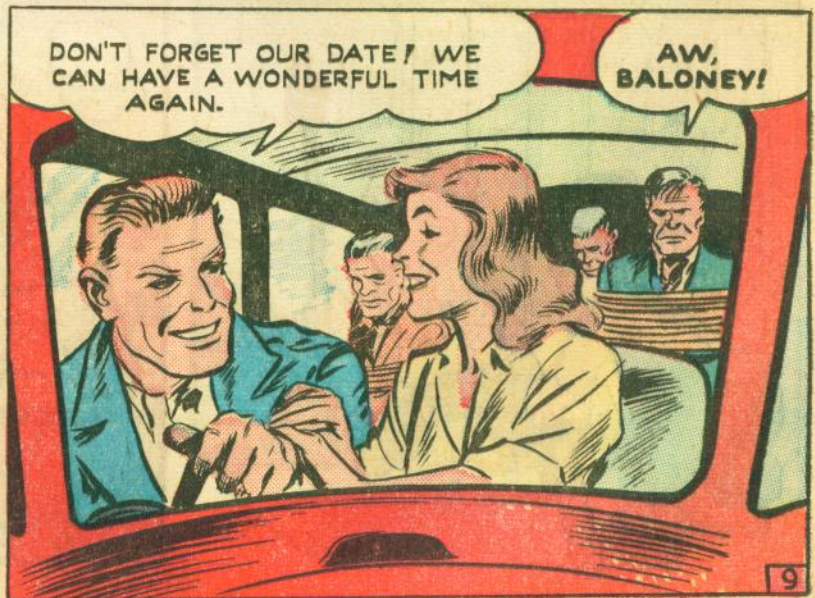


SOON---

BYE-BYE, GREY MESA! I  
HAD A WONDERFUL TIME!

DON'T FORGET OUR DATE! WE  
CAN HAVE A WONDERFUL TIME  
AGAIN.

AW,  
BALONEY!



# BLUEBOLTS and NUTS

MY BROTHER WENT TO COLLEGE, **STUPID!**

YEAH, 'N' HE CAME BACK THE **SAME** WAY, TOO!!

CAN YOU DESCRIBE WHAT **NOTHING** IS??

SURE! IT'S WHAT MOST PEOPLE **KNOW** MORE ABOUT THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD!

READ  
TARGET COMICS  
FOR THE  
BEST IN COMICS...

**SNACK**

MILT HAMMER

WHY DO YOU SAY THERE CAN NEVER BE A **WHOLE** DAY?

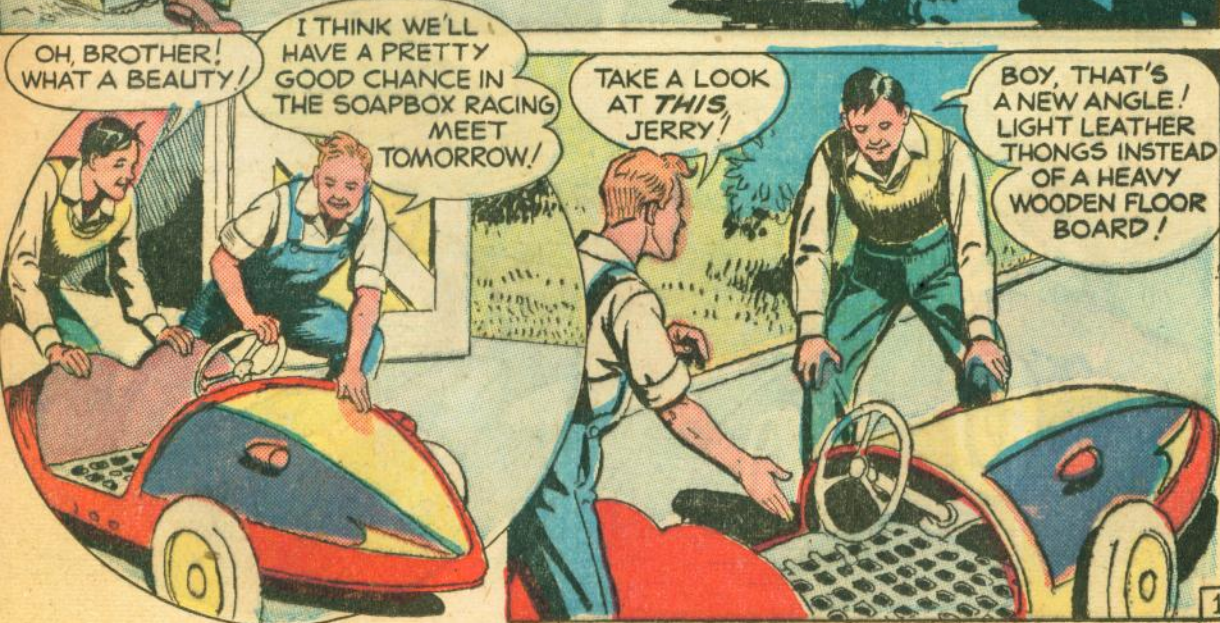
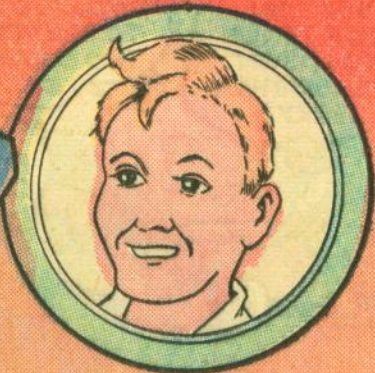
'CAUSE IT ALWAYS **BEGINS** BY **BREAKING!**

★  
SCRATCH  
★

HOW COULD YOU **FLUNK** SPELLING IF YOU GOT AN **"A"** IN IT?

'CAUSE THERE'S NO **"A"** IN **SPELLING!**

# Edison Bell



WHAT SAY  
TO A TRIAL  
RUN DOWN  
HICKSON HILL,  
JERRY?

SWELL! I'D LIKE  
TO SEE WHAT  
THIS BUGGY CAN  
DO!

IT'LL DO  
PLENTY...OF  
CRACKING UP!

SOON, ON HICKSON HILL...

THIS'LL BE THE  
STARTING LINE  
IN TOMORROW'S  
RACE, EDDIE!

RIGHT!  
OKAY,  
SHOVE  
OFF!

I BET SHE'S  
DOING THIRTY  
MILES AN  
HOUR!

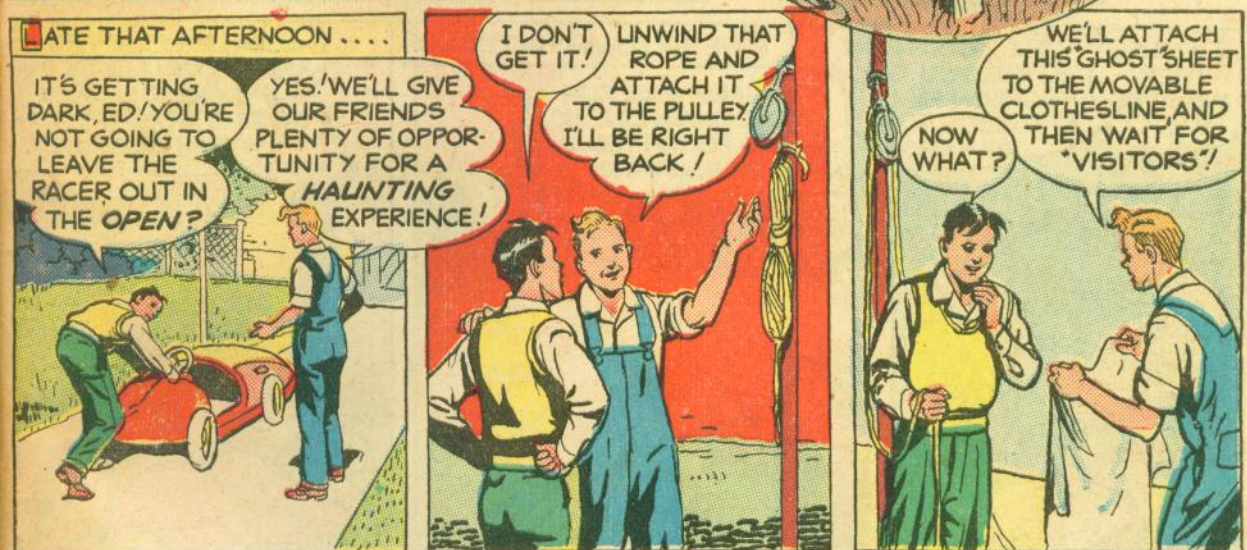
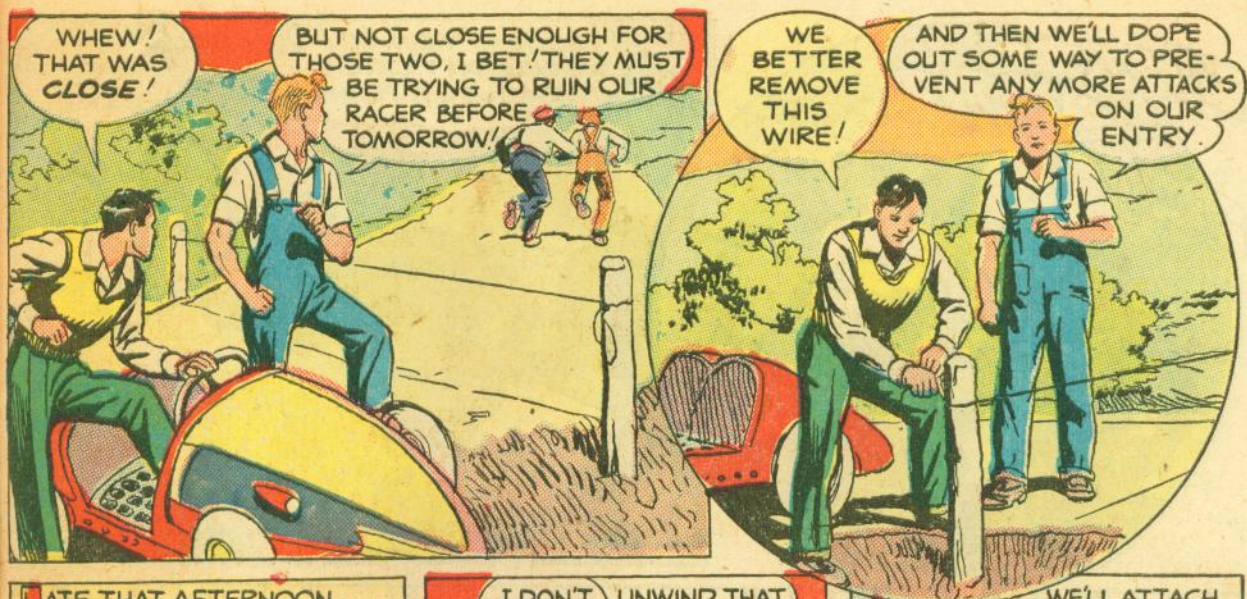
WE'LL HIT  
TOP SPEED JUST  
AROUND BLIND-BLUFF  
BEND UP AHEAD!

BUT WHAT'S THIS  
AROUND THE BEND?

EDISON,  
LOOK OUT!  
WIRE!

I..SEE..IT!  
HANG ON  
TIGHT!

SCREECH!





UHH... AAH--H

YAHH-- A G-GHOST!

GROAN!



LOOK AT THEM GO!  
WE COULDN'T CATCH  
THEM IN A JET PLANE!



I'M SURE  
THEY  
WON'T BE  
BACK!

WELL, GOOD NIGHT,  
ED/SEE YOU ON  
HICKSON HILL  
AT RACING TIME  
TOMORROW!



IT'S A HALF-MILE RUN  
TO THE FINISH LINE. NO  
MOTORS PERMITTED  
AND NO SIDESWIPING!

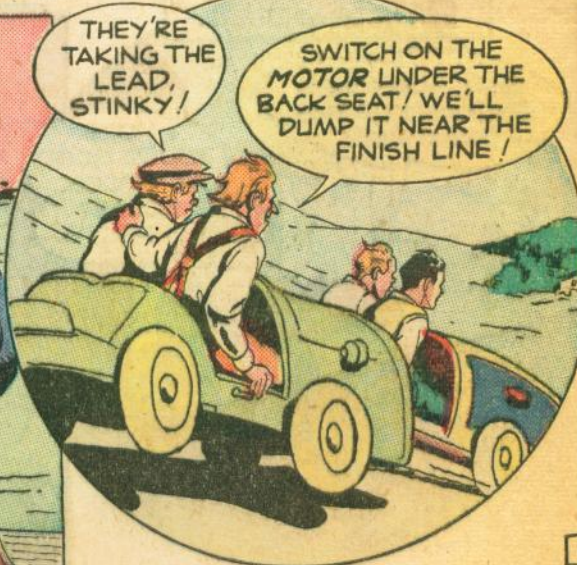


LOOK, JERRY, STINKY  
AND BROCK! I'LL BET  
THEY'RE THE ONES  
WHO TRIED TO  
WRECK OUR RACER!

HMPH... BUT  
HOW CAN WE  
PROVE IT?

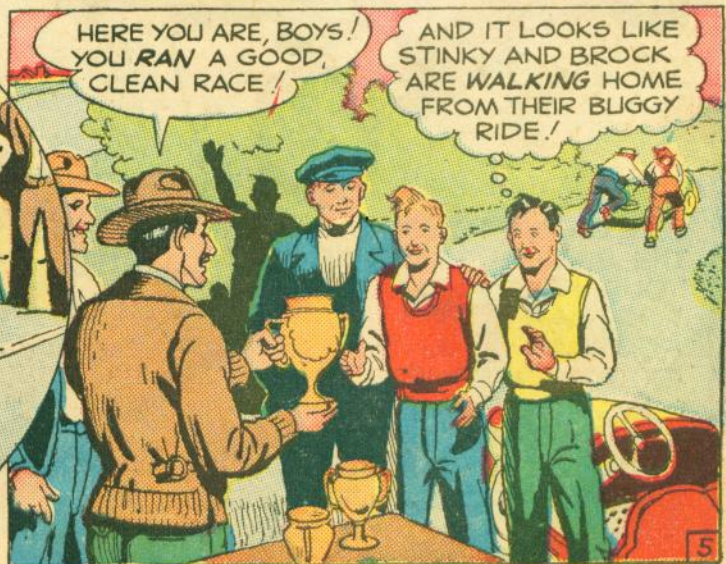
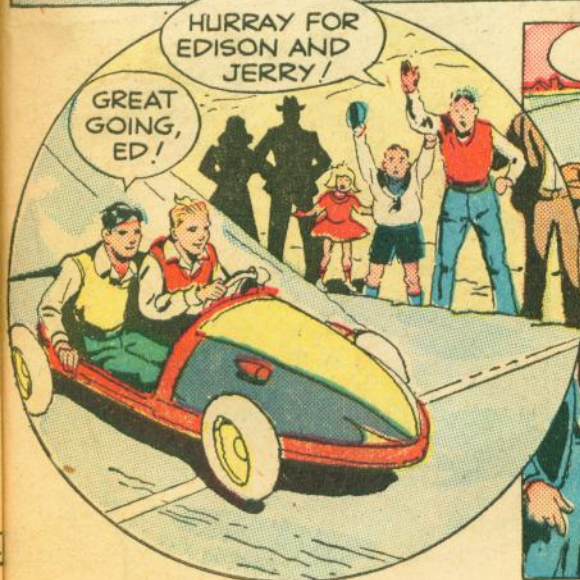
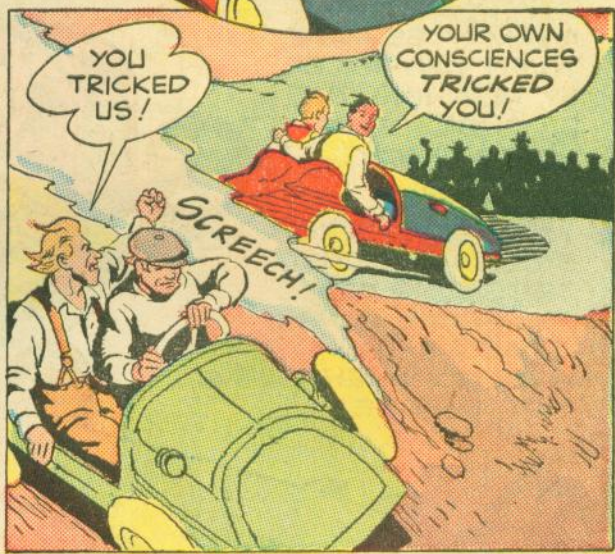
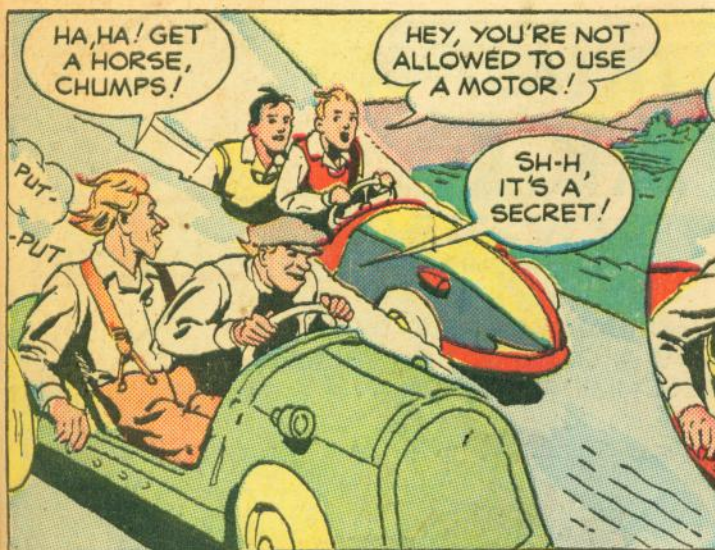


GO!



THEY'RE  
TAKING THE  
LEAD,  
STINKY!

SWITCH ON THE  
MOTOR UNDER THE  
BACK SEAT! WE'LL  
DUMP IT NEAR THE  
FINISH LINE!



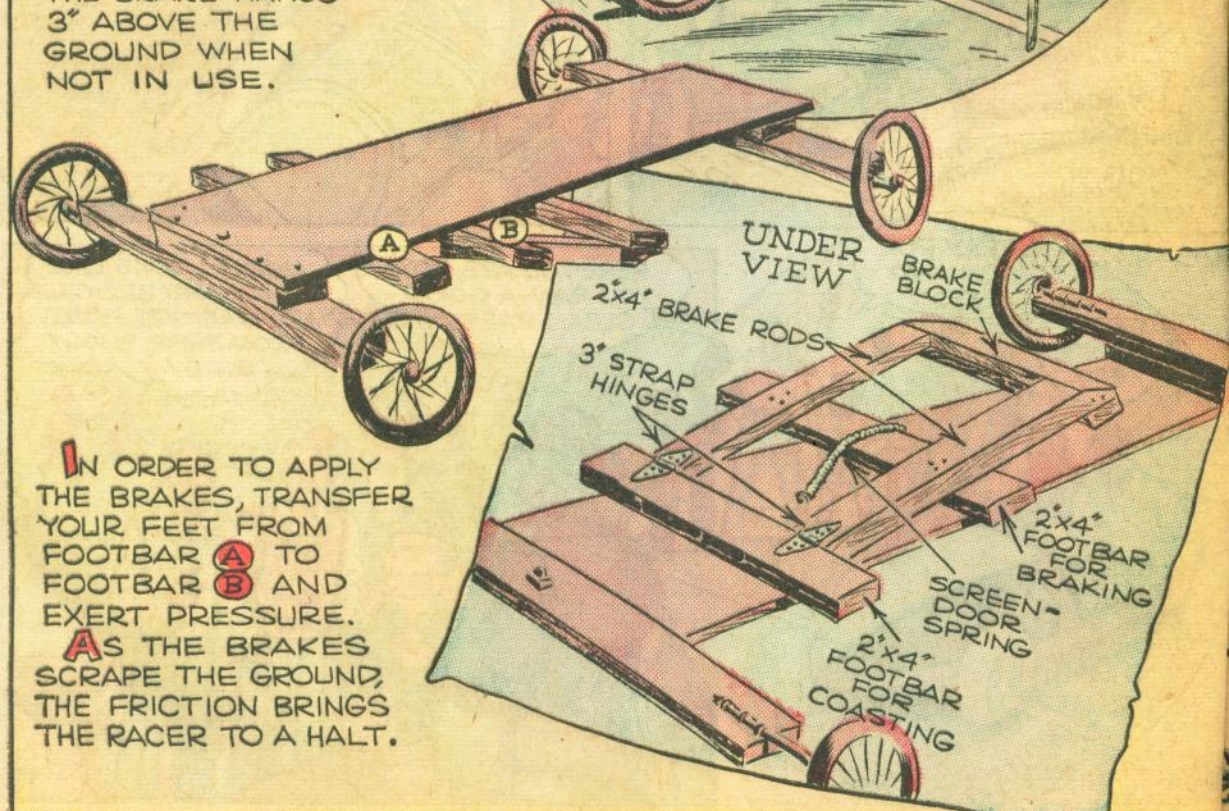
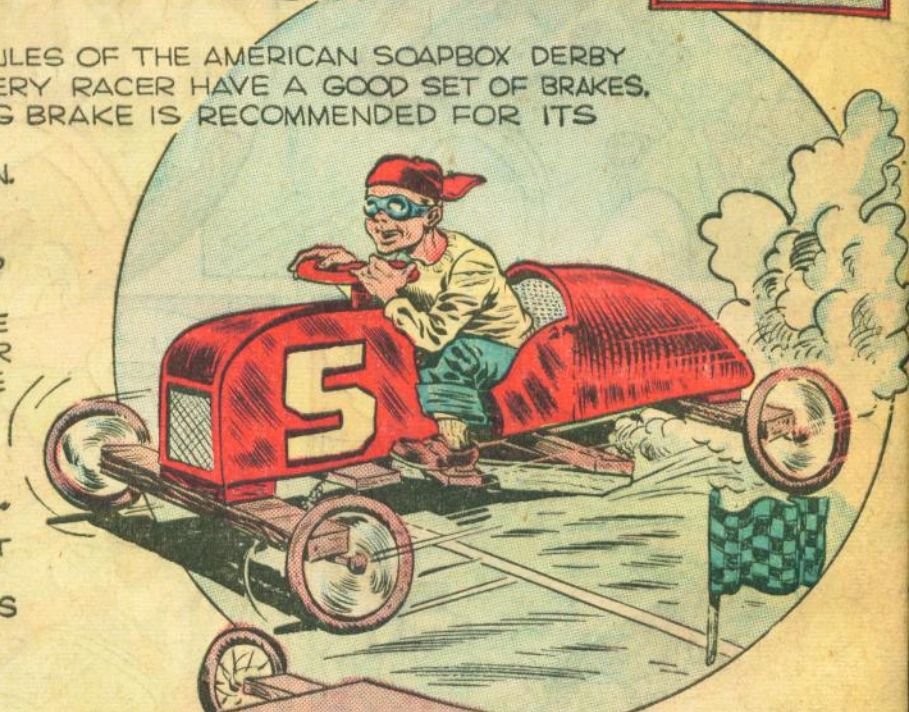
# HOW TO CONSTRUCT A DRAG BRAKE for YOUR SOAPBOX RACER

BY  
TEX  
BLAISDELL

**T**HE OFFICIAL RULES OF THE AMERICAN SOAPBOX DERBY SPECIFY THAT EVERY RACER HAVE A GOOD SET OF BRAKES. THIS DOUBLE DRAG BRAKE IS RECOMMENDED FOR ITS SMOOTH AND EFFICIENT ACTION.

**I**N ADDITION, THIS BRAKE MAY BE CONSTRUCTED CHEAPLY and EASILY and MAY BE MADE TO FIT ANY RACER BY PLANNING THE DIMENSIONS ACCORDINGLY.

**U**SE GOOD 2"x4" STOCK and ADJUST THE SPRING SO THE BRAKE HANGS 3" ABOVE THE GROUND WHEN NOT IN USE.

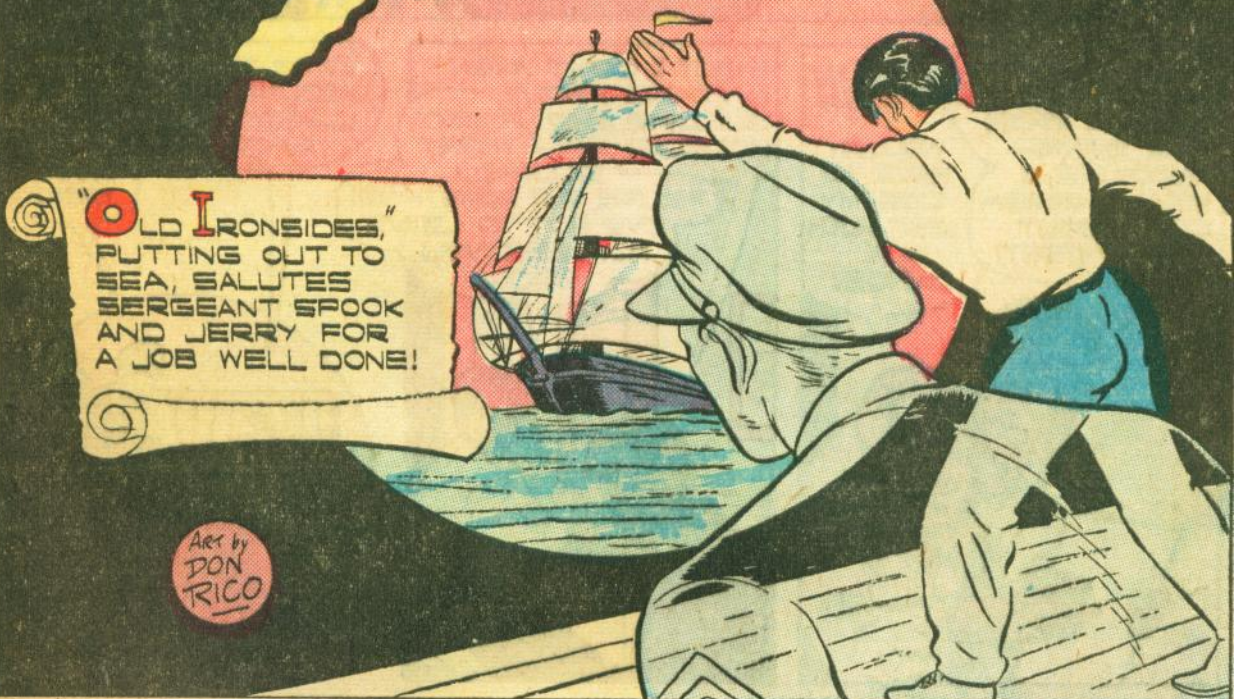


**I**N ORDER TO APPLY THE BRAKES, TRANSFER YOUR FEET FROM FOOTBAR **A** TO FOOTBAR **B** AND EXERT PRESSURE.

**A**S THE BRAKES SCRAPE THE GROUND, THE FRICTION BRINGS THE RACER TO A HALT.

BLUE BOLT

# Sergeant Spook



Art by  
DON  
RICO



NEWS TO ME, JERRY-- BUT I SEE YOU'RE WASTING NO TIME!

NO SIREE! THAT CANOE WILL COME IN MIGHTY HANDY ON THE LAKE THIS SUMMER!

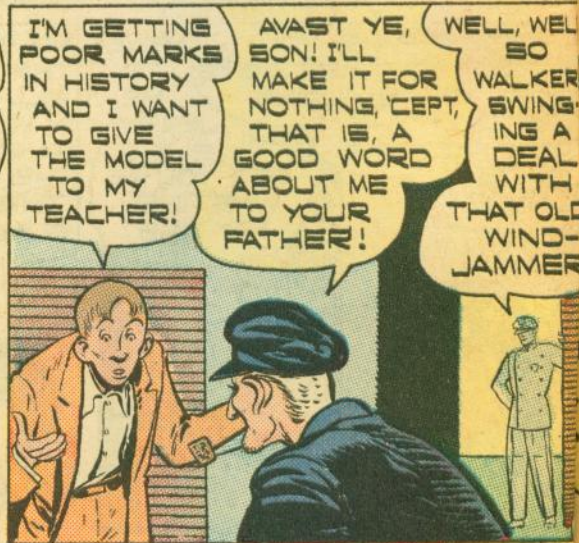
HOW ABOUT YOUR FRIEND BILLY WALSH, THE KID WHO WAS HURT IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT LAST YEAR? IS HE ENTERING THE CONTEST, TOO?

GEE...I DON'T KNOW! BUT I'D SURE LIKE TO SEE HIM HAVE SOME FUN!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU SAY WE DROP IN ON HIM?



AND SO  
SERGEANT  
SPOOK  
AND  
JERRY  
PAY A  
VISIT  
TO  
BILLY  
WALEH.



I THINK WALKER PLANK HAS IDEAS ABOUT WINNING THAT CONTEST, JERRY!

RIGHT, SPOOK. HE'S NOT EVEN TAKING HISTORY AT SCHOOL THIS YEAR!



DAN DOWEL'S A MIGHTY GOOD MODEL-MAKER, AND WALKER'LL SURELY WIN IF WE DON'T DO SOMETHING!

S'POSE YOU HUNT UP MR. PLANK! WE'VE GOT TO GET BILLY STARTED RIGHT AWAY!



AT MR. PLANK'S OFFICE---

GEE, THANKS, MR. PLANK! BILLY WILL SURELY APPRECIATE YOUR KINDNESS!

NOT AT ALL, JERRY. TAKE ALL THE SCRAPS YOU WANT! TOO BAD MY BOY WALKER DOESN'T EVER THINK OF ANYONE BESIDES HIMSELF!



**D**URING SCHOOL LUNCH HOUR THE NEXT DAY, JERRY'S SUSPICIONS ARE CONFIRMED.

**HAW!** I'VE PRACTICALLY WON THAT CANOE RIGHT NOW! YOU SHOULD SEE THE MODEL I'M MAKING!

IF ONLY SPOOK HAS A PLAN, WE'LL TAKE THE WIND OUT OF HIS SAILS!



THAT EVENING, IN JERRY'S ROOM--

THOSE BOOKS GIVE ME AN IDEA, JERRY! WE'LL VISIT THE MEN WHO COMMANDED "OLD IRONSIDES"!

**HOT ZIGGITY!** BET THEY CAN HELP US OUT!



**A**RRIVING AT GHOST TOWN, JERRY AND SERGEANT SPOOK BOARD THE **U.S.S. CONSTITUTION**, BETTER KNOWN AS "OLD IRONSIDES."

HELLO, COMMODORE PREBLE! I'VE BROUGHT A YOUNG FRIEND OF MINE TO TALK OVER A PROBLEM WITH YOU!

FINE! FINE! I'LL INTRODUCE HIM TO FOUR OF THE OFFICERS WHO FOUGHT UNDER ME IN THE WAR WITH TRIPOLI!

YIPE! IT'S COMMODORE EDWARD PREBLE!



CAPTAINS HULL, STEWART, DECATUR, AND MACDONOUGH, JERRY! GENTLEMEN, THIS IS JERRY—HE'D LIKE SOME IDEAS ON HOW TO BUILD A SHIP MODEL!

**G-GOSH!**  
ALL THESE MEN COMMANDED "OLD IRONSIDES" AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER!



ISAAC HULL, COMMANDER OF THE *CONSTITUTION* IN HER VICTORY OVER THE BRITISH FRIGATE *GUERRIERE*, TELLS JERRY SOMETHING ABOUT THE SHIP.

SHE WAS BUILT RIGHT HERE IN BOSTON, JERRY, NEAR WHAT IS NOW *CONSTITUTION WHARF*!

COMMODORE PREBLE TELLS ME THAT'S ONLY JUST ACROSS THE RIVER FROM HERE!



NEXT, JERRY SPEAKS TO CAPTAIN CHARLES STEWART, WHO DEFEATED THE BRITISH WARSHIPS *CYANE* AND *LEVANT*.

THE BEST MATERIALS WERE USED IN BUILDING HER—LIVE OAK TIMBERS, RED CEDAR, AND HARD PINE—

THAT KIND OF WOOD IS HARD TO GET NOWADAYS, ISN'T IT?

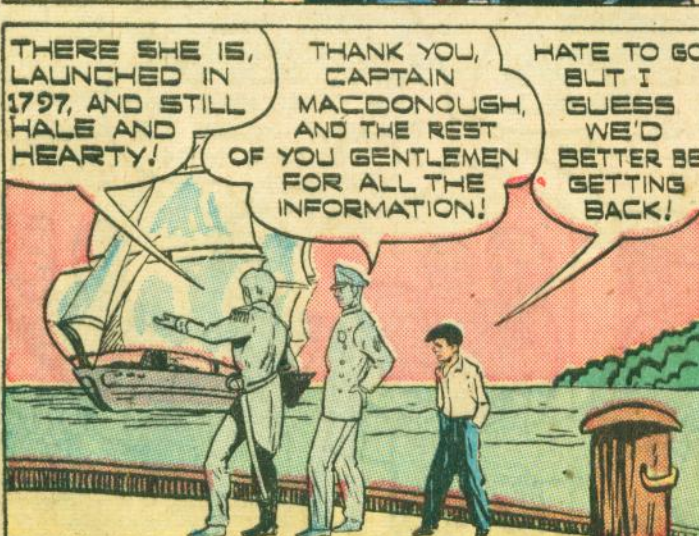


**A** VISIT TO THE GUN DECK WITH STEPHEN DECATUR, HERO OF THE BURNING OF THE *PHILADELPHIA*!



HOW DO YOU LIKE THOSE GUNS, JERRY?

BET THEY CAN STILL MAKE A LOT OF RACKET!



THERE SHE IS, LAUNCHED IN 1797, AND STILL HALE AND HEARTY!

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN MACDONOUGH, AND THE REST OF YOU GENTLEMEN FOR ALL THE INFORMATION!

HATE TO GO, BUT I GUESS WE'D BETTER BE GETTING BACK!

BACK AT BILLY'S HOUSE---

HI, BILLY! WE'RE ALL SET! YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE A MODEL OF THE *CONSTITUTION*! I HAVE THE PLANS RIGHT HERE!

GOSH! I WAS WONDERING WHERE YOU'D GONE!



YOU'VE GOT TO WORK FAST AND DO YOUR VERY BEST! OTHERWISE WALKER PLANK WILL WIN. HE'S CHEATING BY HAVING DAN DOWEL MAKE HIS MODEL!

WON'T I BE CHEATING, THEN, BY USING THIS PLAN?

NOPE...CONTEST RULES SAY THAT IT'S OKAY TO USE SOMEONE ELSE'S PLANS AND ADVICE...BUT THE ACTUAL WORK MUST BE DONE BY THE BOY HIMSELF!

I'D BETTER FIND OUT HOW DAN DOWEL'S COMING ALONG. SEE YOU LATER, JERRY!



**S**POOK PAYS A VISIT TO DAN'S SHACK ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE LUMBER YARD.

HEIGH HO! AS TRIM A CRAFT AS I EVER DID SEE! NOW TO GIVE HER A SUIT OF SAILS!

THAT CRAFT'S TOO TRIM FOR CRAFTY WALKER PLANK!

I'VE GOT TO FIX THOSE SAILS!



**T**HE DAY OF THE BIG CONTEST!

THIS IS IT, BILLY! KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED!

GOSH! I HOPE WE'VE GOT A CHANCE!

KEELSON'S SHIP-MODEL CONTEST



WHAT'S THE MATTER, BILLY... 'FRAID SOMEBODY'LL STEAL YOUR STUFF? HAW! HAW!

NO. JUST WANT TO KEEP HER OUT OF HARM'S WAY!

THAT'S WALKER'S WAY EVERY TIME!



**M**R. KEELSON, HEAD OF THE KEELSON BOAT WORKS AND CHIEF JUDGE OF THE CONTEST, SPEAKS.

I AM CERTAIN THAT WHOEVER WINS THE CONTEST WILL RICHLY DESERVE THE AWARD OF A KEELSON CANOE!

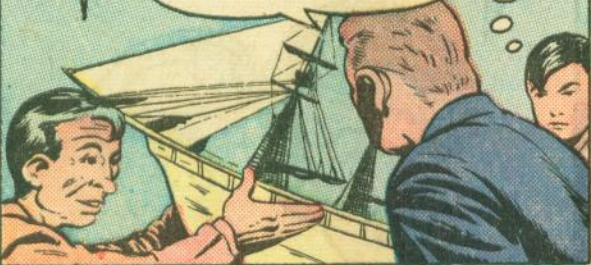


WALKER PLANK'S ENTRY IS ON DISPLAY.

HOW'S THAT FOR A MODEL, MR. KEELSON?

WHY---THAT'S THE BEST I'VE EVER SEEN! LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF A REAL PROFESSIONAL!

I'LL FIND OUT HOW PROFESSIONAL IT IS!



HERE'S MY MODEL, SIR!

WELL, BLESS MY SOUL! THIS ONE LOOKS AS GOOD AS THE LAST! WE'LL HAVE TO TEST THEM IN THE WATER TO REACH A DECISION!

WAIT'LL I UNFURL MY SAILS! THEY'LL MAKE BILLY'S TUB LOOK LIKE RAGGEDY ANN!



JERRY FIRES A SHOT FROM ONE OF THE MINATURE GUNS.

FIRE!

AMAZING!



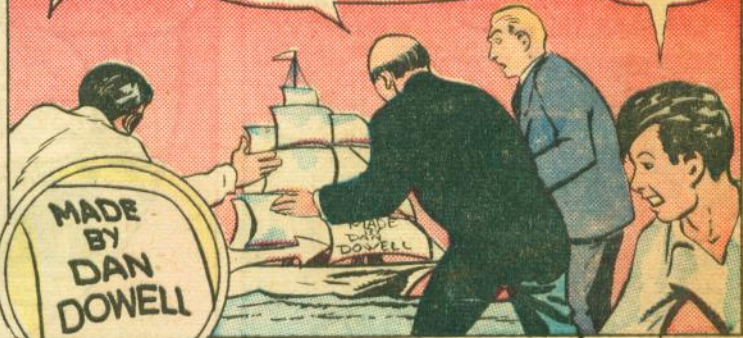
AS WALKER UNFURLS HIS SAILS, A STRANGE MESSAGE APPEARS!

AWK! WHAT'S THAT?!

I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT MY SON'S ABILITY. SO THAT'S IT!

NICE WORK, SPOOK!

MADE BY DAN DOWELL



YOU BEAR THE NAME OF PLANK, MY BOY---BUT YOU CERTAINLY GO AGAINST MY GRAIN! IT'S OFF TO THE WOODPILE FOR YOU!

GEE WHIZ, DAD! NIX! PUH-LEEZ!



ANOTHER VICTORY FOR "OLD IRONSIDES," BILLY---WITH YOU AS SKIPPER!

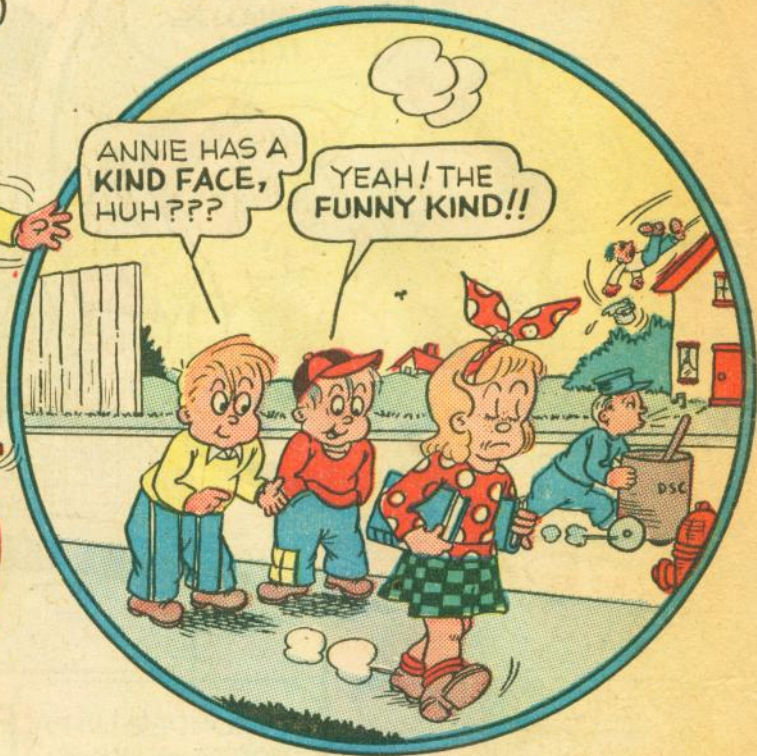
I'D NEVER HAVE COME CLOSE WITHOUT YOUR HELP!

WONDER WHAT STEPHEN DECATUR WOULD SAY ABOUT THAT?

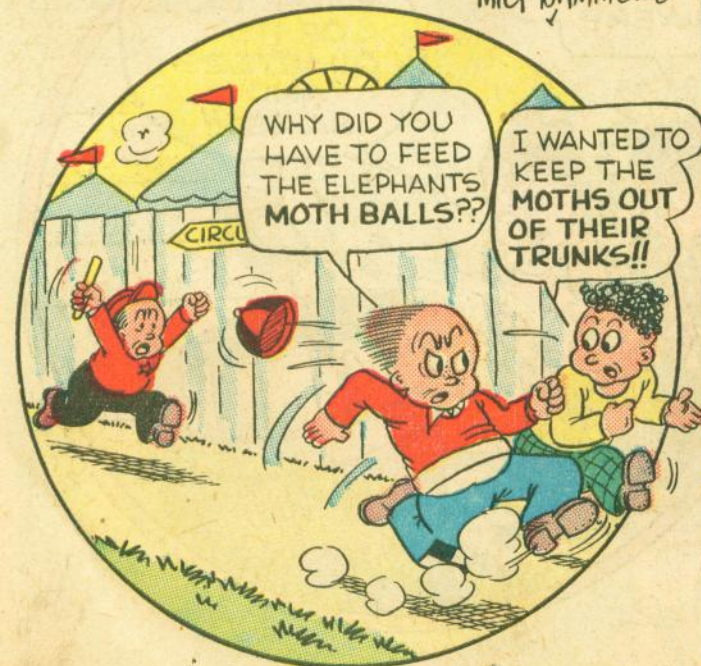
'RAY FOR BILLY WALSH!



# BLUEBOLTS and NUTS



© by  
MIL HAMMER



WHAT DO YOU MEAN,  
I SHOULDN'T LOSE  
MY TEMPER?

'CAUSE NOBODY  
ELSE WANTS  
IT!!!

I WONDER WHY THEY  
MEASURE SPEED ON  
THE OCEAN IN KNOTS  
INSTEAD OF MILES?

MAYBE 'CAUSE  
THEY'VE GOT TO  
HAVE THE OCEAN  
TIDE!!

HIT  
THE  
TARGET  
WITH  
TARGET  
COMICS

I PICK MY  
FRIENDS!

YEAH-TO  
PIECES!

I WONDER WHY  
POETS ALWAYS  
SPEAK OF THE  
MOON AS BEING  
SILVER?

MAYBE 'CAUSE  
OF ITS  
QUARTERS  
AND  
HALVES!!

MILF HAMMER

BLUE BOLT



**HEY, GANG!**  
 See the Official U.S. ARMY OFFICER'S  
**COMPASS** I got on this  
**WAR SURPLUS CLOSE-OUT!**

**...AND NOW YOU CAN GET YOURS**

**a \$4.75 Value for only \$1.49  
 WHILE THEY LAST...!**

- Break-proof crystal
- Luminous Easy-to-read dial
- Accurate Jewelled needle always points North
- Precision-built by Waltham Watch Company

**only \$1.49 FOR THIS \$4.75 VALUE**

Here is a once-in-a-lifetime offer. A genuine U.S. Army Officer's Compass, precision-built to gov't. specifications by the Waltham Watch Co. Looks like an expensive pocket watch . . . heavy grained bronze case snaps open to a large, easy-to-read luminous dial. Special jewelled needle is guaranteed accurate and protected by breakproof crystal. Points to all directions . . . even at night. Just the thing for hunting, hiking, and all other outdoor activities. Be the first in your gang to carry a genuine U.S. Officer's Compass just like the Officers did.

**SEND NO MONEY • Mail Coupon**

Just your name and address on coupon is enough. You send nothing . . . you risk nothing. Your genuine U. S. Officer's Compass will be mailed at once. On arrival simply deposit \$1.49 plus C.O.D. postage thru postman. If you are not completely satisfied, return purchase and money will be refunded at once. Supply of this amazing Compass offer is limited, so send your order today. Don't risk disappointment. Order today and be sure. Hurry!



**BACK HOME**



**MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

**MILLER AND COMPANY, Dept. 213-P  
 215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.**

Send me genuine U.S. Officer's Compass at once. I will pay postman only \$1.49 plus C.O.D. postage. If I am not entirely satisfied my money will be returned.

**MILLER AND CO., DEPT. 213-P  
 215 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Ill.**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# Boys! Girls! PRIZES GIVEN

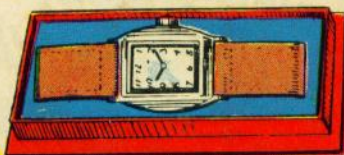


**Daisy's "Targeteer" Air Pistol**



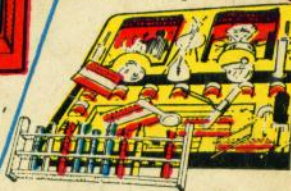
This swell outfit includes big air pistol, shot and complete target set. Sell one order plus 75c extra.

**WRIST WATCH**



A beautiful Wrist Watch, suitable for Boys, Girls, Men or Women. Given for selling one order, plus \$1.50 extra.

**Chemistry Set**



Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell one order.

**POCKET WATCH**



Standard size American made Pocket Watch with leather Fob. Sell only one order of Xmas Packs



**Dresser Set**

Full size Comb, Brush and Mirror—beautifully decorated. Sell one order of Xmas Packs



**OFFICIAL SIZE FOOTBALL**

Given for selling only one order.



**SWEETHEART DOLL**

Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell one order of Xmas Packs



**Pen and Pencil Set**

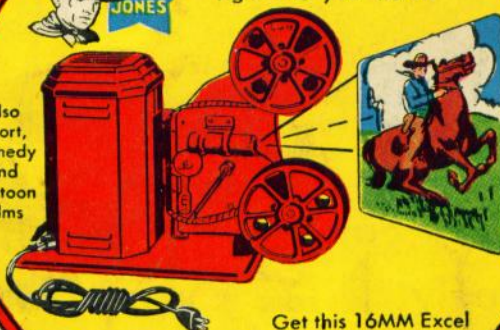
Fountain pen with matching automatic pencil. Sell one order.



Also Sport, Comedy and Cartoon Films

## SHOW HOME MOVIES

Bring Famous Cowboy Stars right into your home.



Get this 16MM Excel Projector, including cord and 50 ft. of Cowboy Film. All given. Sell one order plus \$3.50 extra.

**Campfire Ukulele**

Full size. Decorated with Western scene. Clear mellow tone. Sell only one order.



**"Flying Ace"**

Ball Bearing Roller Skates for Boys and Girls. Sell one order plus \$1.00 extra.



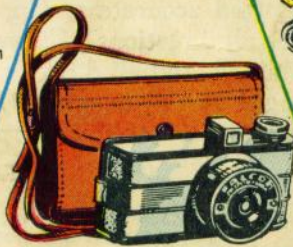
**Famous Texan Jr.**

All Metal Cap Pistol with genuine leather Holster and Belt. Sell only one order.



**CAMERA With Carrying Case**

Takes 16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order plus \$1.00 extra.



## GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

### MORE PRIZES

shown in our big prize sheet  
Roy Rogers Gun  
Train and Track Set  
Reflex Camera  
Archery Outfit  
Overnight Bag  
Pool Table  
Hunting Knife  
Alarm Clock  
Wood Burning Set  
Fishing Outfit

OUR 29th YEAR

**BOYS! GIRLS!** Get swell prizes for yourself or gifts for Mother and Dad. Most prizes shown above and many others in our **BIG PRIZE SHEET** are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in **BIG PRIZE SHEET**.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 Sparkling Xmas Seals in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Sheet.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Sheet—tell us what prize you want.

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU  
AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 599 Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.,  
Dept. 599 Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of Prize is \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street Address  
or R.F.D. Box \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_